

FACTSHEET FIVE

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FACTHSHEET FIVE is published four times a year, appearing in the bulk mails on or about the first day of February, August, May and November. Deadlines are the twentieth of the preceding months. All unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, with the exception of plays, poetry, fiction, TV and movie scripts, and book and fanzine reviews. I am always in the market for short articles of interest to FF readers.

If you should want to talk with a columnist, just send the letter to me and I'll be happy to forward it.

FACTSHEET FIVE is always free to prisoners.

FACTSHEET FIVE sells advertising space to the truly crazed at \$5 for $\frac{1}{4}$ page, \$10 for $\frac{1}{2}$ page, and \$15 for a full page. You supply the camera-ready copy. Page size is 7" x 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ " if you want your stuff reduced to 64%, or 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 8" if you want it to appear full size. Ads may also be published on an exchange basis.

Back issues of FACTSHEET FIVE are available as follows: #1-4 are \$1 each. #5,6,8,9,10 and 12 are \$2 each. #7 and 11 are out of print, but I might reprint them if I get inquiries and offers of money. For \$10, I'll send you one copy of each back issue now in print.

FACTSHEET FIVE

Welcome to the first FACTSHEET FIVE of 1985. In this new year, it's still the zine of crosscurrents and crosspollination, and is still available exclusively from Mike Gunderloy, who may be found at Superlative Manor, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155; phone (617)-391-3496. This is Pretzel Press publication #598, and is intended for direct bulk mailing to the Good People everywhere. Press run: 400 copies. 13th issue.

Here I present, as traditional, the key to the code on the mailing label (after your name). I try to remember to mark your copy if you need to review, but you can figure it out yourself by following these simple rules:

A number indicates the last issue on your subscription. So if there's a "13" after your name, send more money or Do Something (see below) if you want to get more issues. If there's a number after your name and you didn't send for this, I got your name off of someone else's sucker list.

"+" indicates that you've got nothing to worry about, because you're a staff member, won a contest, or just happen to be someone I am being soft on.

"A" means that you're an artist and that you've either contributed art or I would like you to do so or both.

"P" indicates that you are a prisoner of the State, which is to say, in the slammer. Your subscription is free, but only as long as you stay in touch, because otherwise I'll assume you're not getting the darned thing.

"T" indicates that I think we're trading zines. "T" followed by a number indicates that the trade expires with that issue, either because I swapped for a oneshot item or because I'm not sure you want to trade with me and this is a sample copy.

Just a small reminder, FF is sent (within the US) by bulk mail. This means, among other things, that undeliverable copies go to the great PO in the sky instead of returning home. So if you move, please send me a forwarding address at your earliest opportunity.

The price of FF has remained stable since issue #10. Meanwhile the pagecount has increased from 36 to about 50. So I think it's a reasonable time to increase my prices, to wit: \$1.54 in stamps (that's 7 of the new 1st-class stamps) or \$1.75 in cash per issue. You may subscribe for up to four issues at a time, and thus be protected against any price increases for a year. Anything over \$6.16 in stamps or \$7 in cash (or check or MO) will be considered a donation. Thanks, by the way, to JC Brainbeau, Donna Young, Truce Quistarc and Chip Lavin for such support, and to Bob Black and Jimmy Harris for being constant sources of new fanzines.

By the way, I know some of you believe in soaping your stamps, but I won't accept them for payment if they've been used. Sorry.

A single sample copy of FF is \$1, but this applies only to your first copy. If you send me a buck for another copy, I'm just going to keep it and the hell with you. And don't think I don't know who the folks are who are trying to get away with it. This is it, guys.

In lieu of sending stamps or money, you may trade me your own fanzine for FF, draw some art for publication (small pieces are what I need the most, up to about 4 inches square), get thrown in the slammer, or (with prior agreement) join the staff. You can also stay on the mailing list by sending me something to review that I haven't seen before, or by bartering dangerous drugs, negotiable securities, or canned goods.

What will not work is sending less money than I say FF costs; begging, letters of comment (which I appreciate and publish but can't spend) and non-credible threats.

I don't really want FF to get much bigger but it seems to be an inexorable trend. I have some ideas how to stop this: be selective in what I review, limit my columnists to less pages, or eliminate some features (such as the BOOKS column). Or I can keep upping the pagecount and the price. What do you think? Which of those options appeal to you? How much would you pay for a larger FF? Any other ideas?

Mike

GLOSSARY

I hope that by defining a few terms here I can make the actual fanzine reviews a bit more concise, and also manage to include more information about the fanzines themselves. Some of these terms I've coined myself, and some of them I'm less than satisfied with -- any suggestions on more reasonable terminology would be appreciated.

Anarcho-Capitalist: One who believes that in the absence of government people would construct a better society through the actions of the free market, and that communism is just another face of government oppression.

Anarcho-Communist: One who believes that in the absence of government people would construct a better society through co-operation, and that the so-called free market is just another face of government oppression.

APA: Amateur Press Association. A magazine jointly written by the subscribers, each of whom prints up his own part and gets copies of every-one else's stuff in return. Sometimes likened to a cocktail party in print.

Church of the SubGenius: A manic faith based on the esoteric teachings of the late J.R. "Bob" Dobbs and dedicated to helping people reclaim the Slack the system has stolen from them. (More details \$1 from PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214)

Constitutionalist: People generally on the political right who think government is destroying individual rights in this country. Major areas of concern usually include the IRS, the Federal Exchange System, and the lack of a gold standard for our money.

Discordian: A believer in the idea that God is a Crazy Woman, and the fact that there is as much chaos as order in the world if you look around. See Shea & Wilson's ILLUMINATUS! trilogy. Also called Erisians.

Fan: Generally refers to a science-fiction fan. Fans are usually people who used to read SF and hang around with other people who used to read SF. Many are active in publishing.

Loc: Letter of comment on a fanzine.

Mail-Art Network (MAN): Similar to an apa but involving more art and less words. A development of the ready availability of xerox machines.

Minicomic: A comic strip printed in booklet form, usually by xerox, and with a final size about 3" x 4".

Neopagan: Member of any of a number of related religions that are involved in nature- or Goddess- worship. Often polytheists. Sometimes just called Pagans. The general bond between the various groups is that of looking for alternatives to heirarchal religions.

OE: Official Editor. The person who puts an apa or MAN together, keeps track of its finances, and is responsible for sending copies out.

Pfanzine: Punk fanzine. A small magazine dealing with punk rock, new wave, or other forms of experimental and alternative music, or even mainstream music. The silent "p" is to distinguish them from Sfanzines.

Posterist: A producer of single-page graphics, usually illustrating some obscure political or social point. Posterists sometimes creep into MANs, but some use direct mail and telephone poles to reach the public.

SASE: Stamped, self-addressed envelope. Should be called an SSAE but usually isn't.

Sfanzine: Science-fiction fanzine. A small magazine put out by an SF fan, usually discussing everything but SF. The silent "s" is to distinguish them from Pfanzines.

The Usual: Traditional method of obtaining Sfanzines when one is too cheap to send cash or the editor is too proud to accept it. Generally includes trading one's own fanzine, writing a loc, contributing an article or bit of art, or being the beneficiary of the editor's whim.

The winning question in FF Contest #5 (said contest, lest you forget, consisted of suggesting the question to be posed as Contest #6) is -- the envelope, please (you see, it came to me written on back of the envelope -- is, in a surprise move, "Why is there pubic hair?", which comes to us from the fine folks at EAT IT UP & magazine. This was not the front runner 3 months ago, but it has received a surprising number of endorsements, so the EAT IT UP staff gets the free subscription. Congrats, guys.

So there you have contest #6, good for a free lifetime subscription to the best answer. One reason this question won is that several people already think they have the best answer, and have sent their answer in a sort of pre-emptive first strike. So if you think yours is better, you had better get it to me before the deadline for FF#14 (April 20th), or someone else will probably win.



THE BEST

As usual, I'll start off with the list of my pick hits of the quarter. If your zine didn't make the list this time, don't feel bad; there's always next issue. This listing is not so much an absolute judgement of what the best zines are as it is a means of showcasing a few of the excellent things I receive in the mail every week.

THE CLOSEST PENGUINS #4 (35¢ & a 37¢ stamp from Lobster Tendencies Press, 333 Tenth St., San Francisco, CA 94103): This is sort of a literary zine without the pretension that characterizes so much of the genre. Hand-printed and xeroxed with a crayon-colored cover, this one emphasizes story values much more than those Other Zines that are offset on linen paper with tasteful typesetting in some face no one has ever seen before. "Stories" may actually be the wrong word; the offerings in this one are more vignettes, designed to evoke emotions all of us have felt and to put the paradoxes of everyday life into words on paper. Often the writers seem unsure of their object, but somehow this only makes their stuff more attractive to me. Also available from LT Press is the BEST OF LOBSTER TENDENCIES compilation, 96 pages of words and art from the predecessor of this magazine, a real bargain at only \$2.74 a copy.

CRITIQUE #15,16 (\$7.50 or \$13/year from Bob Banner, PO Box 11451, Santa Rosa, CA 95406): "A journal of Conspiracies & Metaphysics", this one dabbles in all of those subjects which readers of the ILLUMINATUS! trilogy are familiar with, and a good many others beside. This issue is about 150 pages long and bound in a style which suggests that of READER'S DIGEST, though the contents are a good deal more entertaining. Articles in this issue focus on Psionic Warfare, the suppressed contents of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the mysterious deaths of witnesses before the Warren commission and a study of Communism vs. Christianity, among many other things. There is also a "Potpourri" section with plenty of leads to sources so esoteric they're not mentioned in FACTSHEET FIVE, and a section of reviews of such books as HOLY BLOOD, HOLY GRAIL and BEHIND WORLD REVOLUTION.

***** → OR \$7/1 YEAR (12 ISSUES)

DREAMSHORE 17 (\$1 from 618 S. Mitchell, Bloomington, IN 47401): This is a journal of ideas, poetry, drawings, fairy tales, happy music and other things that add more joy to the world. Reading through an issue of DREAMSHORE makes me want to slip into sixties-talk and say that I get good vibes from this zine, which is probably as good a way to describe it as any. Subjects range from fantasy literature (including ongoing bits of information on the Principality of Melania, a country which hovers on the borderline between the real and the other) to UFOs and Cabala. The staff doesn't seem to have swallowed either all of the ideas of the Sixties or all of the crazy New Age stuff that's in vogue now, but instead have picked and chosen those things which interest them to write about without regard for building up a formidable system of thought. They're here to have fun and share it with the rest of us. Since this issue came out there was a special one on Richard Brautigan, but I can't find it in my office at the moment, alas. Regular publication is due to resume right about the time this FACTSHEET comes out.

FALSE POSITIVE #2 (\$3 from Donna Kossy, 55 Sutter St. #487, San Francisco, CA 94104): Not many zines make this list on their second issue, but this posterist project has done it. A collection of material fitting the "kooks" theme, this particular issue verges on being a mail-art network but contains more words that make sense than does your average MAN. My favorite in this particular collection is a transcript of the deposition of one Edward John Buckley, Jr., who manages to confuse a lawyer nearly to death, but there are several other notable posters and parodies in this effort. I'm looking forward to their next issue, with it's theme of "Japan".

HOLIER THAN THOU XX (The Usual ONLY from Marty and Robbie Cantor, 11565 Archwood St., N. Hollywood, CA 91606-1703); This is one of the best introductions to the world of Sfanazines that I know of, though its sheer bulk (114 pages this time) may be overwhelming to the newcomer. HTT tries to strike a balance between serious things like fan history and convention reports and "putridity" like sexually-revealing SF art and a paean to police brutality, generally falling out of balance on the side of putridity. The real heart of HTT, though, is the letter of comment column, 50 pages of arguments on previous issue by a host of opinionated fans who might be dangerous were they fighting with swords rather than words. To top it all off, the layout and mimeography are impeccable, making HTT a joy to look at as well as to read.

INSIDE JOKE #34 (\$1 from Elayne Wechsler, PO Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159): The "Newsletter of Comedy and Creativity" is now over 4 years old and seems to have come of age. The talents of such regular contributors as Anni Ackner, Georg Patterson and *ahem* yours truly combine with occasional drop-ins too numerous to name (35 people contributed to this issue) to produce 22 reduce-type pages of humor and other mayhem. Some of it falls flat, but there are always enough chuckles to make IJ worth reading. Kudos for this issue to Deborah Benedict's collection of smartass remarks, Andy Amster's cartoons (how come he doesn't send me any?) and Rodney Dioxin's nasty letter about the previous issue. If you like Firesign Theatre or hate the Muppets, send for this one.

INSTEAD OF A MAGAZINE Vol. 4 #34 (\$6.50/5 issues from Lysander Spooner Society, PO Box 433, Willimantic, CT 06226): This periodical is put out by a group of about 10 anarchists who are more interested in how to change society now than in the theoretical basis for the future system (or lack thereof). Their emphasis is on things like prisoners' rights (this is the best source I know of for anarcho-prisoner contacts), the fuss in Northern Ireland, and the pros and cons of prostitution and pornography. The latter debate is noteworthy simply because they have been presenting all points of view, without trying to dictate the correct line to the rest of us. The Spooners also have a cassette of political discussions and a number of books available by mail; write for more information.

LIGHT TIMES (\$1, I guess, from PO Box 84366, Los Angeles, CA 90073): Shrouded in mystery, this Discordian zine arrives in my mailbox from time to time, bearing another load of mindfucks from its anonymous creators. No price, no names, only a return address, so if I put the price too low it's their own damned fault. Zen Boobism, "Reality", Love 22 and the Famous Buddha Mind School flank a debate between Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman and a lot of stuff on the recently-illegalized drug ADAM. These folks probably aren't out to overthrow reality because they think it's been done before, but the effect will be much the same if they ever get national exposure.

NANCY'S MAGAZINE Vol. II #2 (50¢ from 2269 Market St., Box 241, San Francisco, CA 94114): I can't believe the price, it's too cheap; send her some stamps too. From the screen door (with real screen) on the cover to the ideal town centerfold with pop-up bus to the kangaroo rat on the bacover (not a gerbil!), this light and lively magazine is what you would expect of a manic-depressive who's saving up all the depressions for later. Gardening hints, recipes, vacation stories from various people and labor-day decoration ideas are a few of the things you'll find in what has never before been called the WOMAN'S DAY of the underground.

NEW LIBERTARIAN Vol. 4 #12 (\$2.50 from NLCo, 1515 W. MacArthur Blvd. #19, Costa Mesa, CA 92626): This is the long-awaited 1984 issue of one of the few surviving libertarian magazines with more than a hundred or two readers. Always late but worth waiting for, NL features staffers who are not afraid to attack any and all sacred cows, both within and without the movement. The major feature in this issue is a debate on whether the very term "libertarian" has been hopelessly soiled by the political party of the same name, but there's plenty more, ranging from conspiracy theory and other revisionism to punk music reviews to reviews of libertarian SF (and a column from pro writer Robert Anton Wilson). NL even claims to be going back on a regular schedule, if you want to subscribe at 5 issues for \$12.50.

PSYCHOZOIC PRESS #9 (\$2.50 or \$9/4 issues from Elvin D. Smith, 2121 Braley Rd., Coos Bay, OR 97420): Already the best coverage around of the drug scene, PP has expanded by hiring a second editor to keep track of articles and that sort of thing. Unlike some other "drug" publications I could name, you want find the latest in cocaine paraphenelia or political harangues in this one; just honest, documented information on a variety of hallucinogenic and psychedelic drugs. Besides talking about things currently available in the marketplace (this is a source of information, not of drugs), the writers also attempt to relate the drug experience to new models of the world around and within ourselves.

SHAVERTRON #21 (\$9/year from PO Box 248, Vallejo, CA 94590): Dick Shaver was a man who wrote stuff about hostile entities within the hollow earth and stuff like that. It was published as science fiction, but then Shaver started claiming it was all true and he was laughed out of the field. Now SHAVERTRON exists as sort of a clearing-house for articles on the inhabitants of the hollow earth, the hushed-up discoveries of the space program, writing inside of rocks, extraterrestrial control of people, and other topics you won't find in TIME magazine. The editor seems to maintain at least some skepticism, commenting on the looniest of the articles he publishes, which puts this one-up on the other UFO and similar nutbar publications I've seen. Even if I don't believe most of these stories I find SHAVERTRON valuable because the presentation is less hysterical than most on the subject.

UNCLE DICK'S LITTLE THING #9 (\$1 or \$3.95/5 issues from Richard H.E. Smith II, 2007 W. Howard St. #3D, Evanston, IL 60202-3656): This is another Sfanine, this one devoted mainly to gossip, er, news. SF fandom is a constant hotbed of bickering, accusations and idiocy, and this zine is devoted to exposing some (but by no means all) of it. The current hot topic is the \$200,000 profit made by the 1984 Worldcon and the plans for spending it. Other news includes thoughts on the current TAFP and DUFF races, engagements, coas and speculation on future worldcon bids. If you don't understand all this, it just means you're not an SF-type fan; if you do understand, and you're not subscribing to this zine, you ought to be.

AND THE REST

Once again, let me emphasize that there's nothing wrong with these zines. They just didn't meet the stringent and arbitrary standards I set for the BEST listing. Well, actually, there are things wrong with a few of them, but I trust that will show up in the reviews. Onwards.

AGAINST THE WALL Vol. 13 #2 (\$2 from PO Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091): I don't know why, but ATW is always terribly out of date when it gets to me: this issue, with the 1984 election endorsements, showed up in January of '85. That aside, I like this libertarian magazine; they range widely across the field, from straight party politics to ethics to things which seem at first glance to have nothing to do with libs, such as swinging singles clubs. To give an example of its diversity, this issue contains stuff both from a leading member of the Voluntaryists and from a vocal proponent of Darwinist Libertarianism.

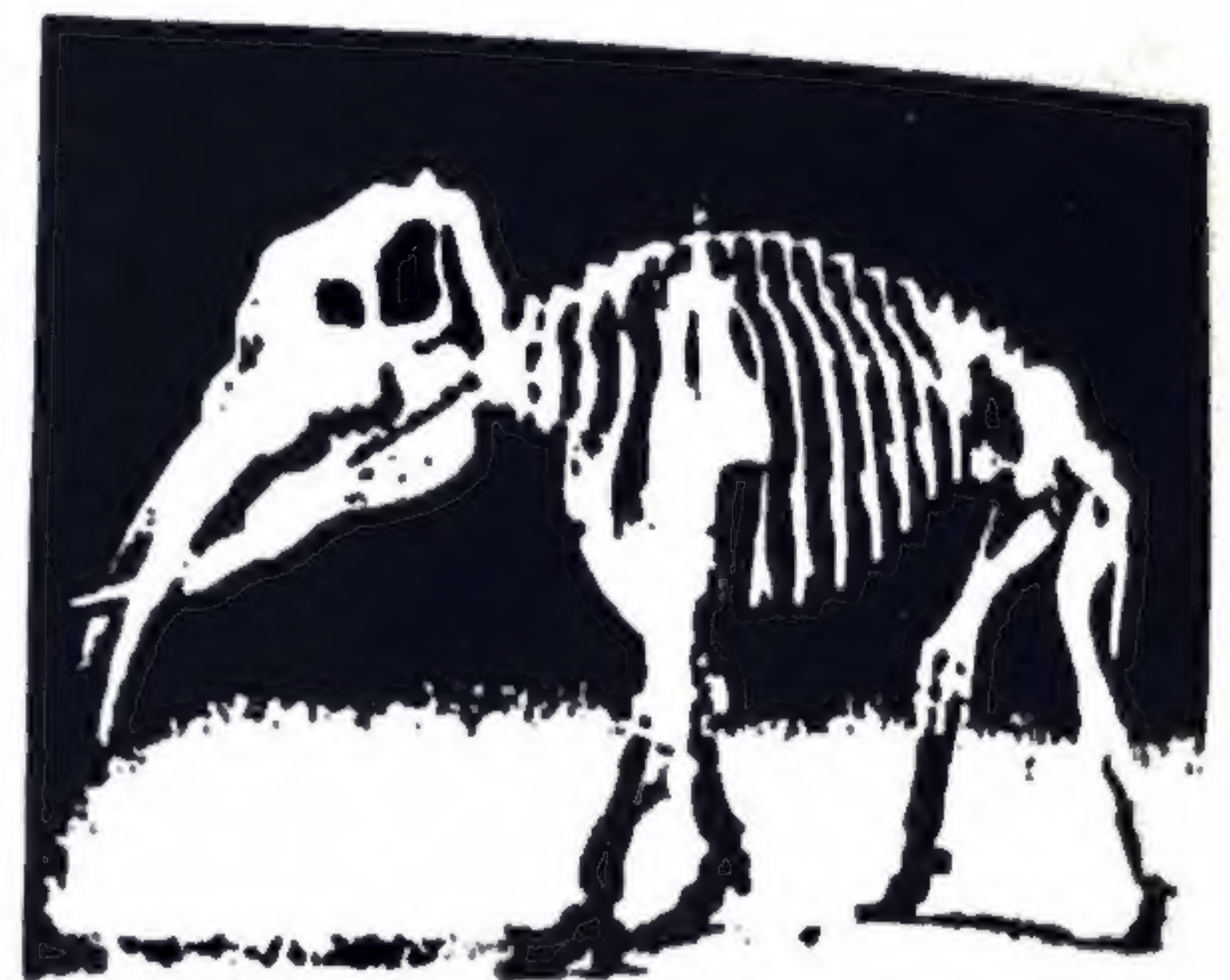
AKWESASNE NOTES Vol. 16 #4 (\$1.50 from Independent Publications, 7001 N. Clark #323, Chicago, IL 60626):

This is a tabloid newspaper published quarterly by the Mohawk Nation of New York and is not surprisingly devoted to the problems of Native People everywhere. Major articles in this issue cover things such as the problems of natives in Papua and the idea of permaculture, but the real value of this periodical is as a resource for getting in touch with other Native American groups and their allies worldwide.

ALTERNATIVE ENERGY TRANSPORTATION Vol. 6 #4 (\$2 from EV Consultants, 327 Central Park West, New York, NY 10025): What do you think of as an "alternative energy" vehicle? Probably an electric car, if you know as little about the field as I did before getting this one. Well, electric cars are in here, but so are diesel, natural gas, propane, human power, liquid nitrogen, palm oil, alcohol and other sources of energy. This review journal reports on recent developments in the field, current conferences, and the actual status of alternative energy vehicles around the world. Did you know that there are 250,000 vehicles in Italy powered by Natural Gas?

AMERICAN FLAGG: #19 (\$1.25 or \$15/12 issues from First Comics, 1014 Davis St., Evanston, IL 60201): I know I'm supposed to leave this sort of thing to my Funnybooks Staph, but I can't resist the one comic I subscribe to. Yes, it's sexist, crude and violent, but I like some escape literature on occasion. The art is wonderful, the dense backgrounds with lots of throwaway detail hold my attention for hours, and the story even makes a bit of sense. The future in AF! isn't exactly what I'd call believable, but it is self-consistent. If you like space opera, (this isn't space opera, but it has the same feel), give it a look.

AMERICAN FORUM #11 (\$13.95/year from Box 261, Dept. E, Staten Island, NY 10302): This claims to be a "newsletter for the opinionated" and is a strange mishmash of tabloid news stories, vampire and UFO stuff, and ongoing features on rape and child abuse (ostensibly against both but sometimes it's hard to tell). Sometimes they do have features which are hard to find elsewhere: this issue has a small bit on the background of the elusive J.C. Brainbeau, for instance.



AMPERSAND Vol. VIII #2 (\$6/year from 1680 North Vine #900, Hollywood, CA 90028): I picked this one up in the freebie pile at Northeastern. I wouldn't have paid for it. This seems to be mainly a vehicle for getting advertising to college kids, with just enough stories on things like the winter crop of movies and how to buy skiing equipment to give pages to put the ads on. Why mention it at all? Well, for the price the movie rundown was pretty good. But only for the price.

ANARCHY COMICS #3 (\$3 from Chris Duffy, Rt. 4, Rosson's #8, Murphysboro, IL 62966): An international collection of underground strips loosely related to anarchy, this one appeals to me immensely. The strips range from historical to satirical to just plain silly. My favorite is the last one in the book, "Pest Control", about an alliance of ants and cockroaches that take over a house through proper application of anarchist principles. It's thinly-disguised allegory, but the writer didn't lose his sense of humor.

ANET PARADOX (Available only in exchange for networking info from Annette c/o Correspan, PO Box 759, Venetia, OR 97487): "A-net" is short for "A-centric network", that is, a network of people or groups without any central control. This first issue is something of a directory to other groups and publications involved in networking; it calls itself a "paradox" because it's a centralized effort to deal with a decentralized phenomenon. For the committed networker only.

Ⓐ NEW IRON GUARD #3 (\$8/4 issues from 1728 W. Ball Rd. #4, Anaheim, CA 92804): This is a relatively new anarcho-communist periodical. The editors have collected articles about a wide range of injustices and vigorously attack those targets they see as behind it all: the government, the Libertarian Party, organized religion. A lot of zine and better graphics than usual, but I'm not sure I understand how self-avowed collectivists can be so determinedly opposed to current collective organizations. Does the future anarchy endow collectivism with a new magical non-oppressive property?

ATOMIC TIMES Vol. 3 #2 (? from 3001 NW 14th St. #6, Gainesville, FL 36205): This four-pager came out before the election and was devoted entirely to trashing Ron Reagan. What constructive alternatives they offer I have no idea, and I haven't heard from them since.

AWAKE AMERICA Vol. 1 #2 (\$2/20 copies from PO Box 22431, St. Louis, MO 63126): A good example of the very fringes of the Constitutionalist movement. These folks believe that paper money is worthless (and print \$3 bills to emphasize this), that the Federal Government has been sneaking Marx's ideas into American life, and that economists are being used as pawns to pull the wool over our eyes. A wide selection of books, papers and tapes is also offered for sale.

A Patron of the Arts writes "Your zine fills a vast void in the realm of ideas, and is fascinating, EXCEPT for some annoying examples of what I refer to as which-speak...on the credit page of the last issue, paragraph 5: 'Speaking of which, I could...' Also, on the next page, paragraph 10: 'Which means, of course...' Every time I encounter which-speak/as-speak, it's like chalk screeching on a blackboard to my sensitive ears." Oops, sorry about that. I'll bet I keep doing it, though, unless I continue to get poison-pen letters about it.

BEATNIKS FROM SPACE #5 (\$2 from Neither/Nor press, PO Box 8043, Ann Arbor, MI 48107): Stories, poems, and graphics from a host of people with thinly-concealed mental problems combine to give BFS a much more interesting ambiance than the usual literary magazine has. My favorite in this issue was Philip Hughes' story "This Old Story", a bit of light on the process of writing itself. Some of the collages are interesting too. I don't understand most of the poems.

And just what was BFS doing at that point in the stack, anyhow? So much for alphabetical order.

AANN Bulletin #15 (75¢ & SASE or \$10/year from PO Box 915, Stn. F, Toronto, Ont. M4Y 2N9 CANADA): AANN is the Anti-Authoritarian News Network, which in turn is the Canadian affiliate of Ekomedia, an international network of anarchist news services. The monthly Bulletin publishes stories of interest to anti-authoritarians collected by Ekomedia affiliates around the world. Typical subjects include various political prisoners, the anti-nuclear movement, and squatters. Much of the coverage comes from the Establishment press, but it's good to have it all in one place.

ASTRO*CARTO*GRAPHY (Box 959, El Cerrito, CA 94530): This is a new application of "centuries-old astrological principles" to tell you where in the world you should live to maximize your potential. For \$19.98 you get an 11x17 inch computerized map and interpretive material explaining all the little lines on it. As far as I'm concerned, it sounds like someone figured out how to make a little money from his computer and plotter, but if anyone wants to throw money away on this, don't let me stop you.

ATTICUS REVIEW #6 (\$10/4 issues from PO Box 34044, San Diego, CA 92103): This is the sort of thing I'm sneering at when I mention mainstream literary magazines. "A Journal of Poetry, Fiction, Graphics & Criticism", the writers seem to be trying so hard to be avant-garde that they manage to be completely opaque. Many of them could have been replaced by computers and random-number generators with no loss. If this is the future of the arts I'll stick with the classics.

THE BACKROOM BUZZ #6 (\$6/6 issues from Real George Productions, PO Box 724, CP, NY 12065): This is a sort of alternative TV Guide for those lucky enough to live in the area of Albany, New York. Real George's Backroom is apparently a live/taped music show that goes out over various of the local cable TV networks, and this is their program guide. For those of us who don't happen to live there, the Buzz also carries music reviews and some Pfanzone contact addresses. Why haven't I heard about anything like this around here?

BANG! #5 (\$1.25 or \$5/5 issues from 77 Newbern Ave., Medford, MA 02155): This pfanzone concentrates on the Boston area club scene. The Bang! writers will interview anyone they can get in to see, which leads to such things as major features on Husker Du, The Bangles, and Suicidal Tendencies in this one issue. (Oops, sorry, Patron). The record reviews seem to be almost all laudatory; I don't know whether they share my lack of discrimination or only mention things they like.

11202): This is the newsletter of the Brooklyn Anti-Nuclear Group, don't usually get along with folks who announce themselves as anti-nuke, but in this case they seem to have both a reasonable stand and other interests as well. There are legitimate anti-nuke concerns expressed here, over such things as power plants close to cities and transportation of radioactive waste through Queens, but it's mixed in with other things like the latest legal maneuvers in the effort to get a fair trial for Leonard Peltier, anti-draft stuff and questions about the US military involvement in Central America. A good information source.

BAY WINDOWS Vol. 2 #25 (\$16/year from 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118): This is (so far as I know) the largest gay and lesbian newspaper in the Boston area. This particular issue is a two-section, 40-page tabloid. The paper seems to be about evenly divided between news and features (the latest on AIDS, reviews of body-building calendars, an article on gay Republicans) and support-group stuff like ideas for what to do during Christmas and an advice column. They have fairly extensive calendar and advertising sections.

BIG APPLE NEWS 484 (\$2/year from PO Box 20024, New York, NY 10025-9992): There are a lot of people who are hoping to strike it rich in mail-order by offering things through sale via 1" long ads. Many of these ads are in BAN. Everything from cash loans to the Good Sex for Mutants Dating Service to lots of offers of printing & mailing services can be found in these pages.

Gary Smith writes: "Thanks for reviewing the Missive in FF. I had a dozen people write me for information, the most of anywhere I've been mentioned. Let it be known that your work is appreciated and your readers are also writers and doers." I always enjoy getting this sort of letter, so let me emphasize again that you should mention FF when writing to the mags I review here. It helps my credibility with publishers, and that in turn helps you, because it makes it easier for me to get more offbeat things to review.

BIG MAG #1 (\$8/4 issues from PO Box 6288, Evanston, IL 60202): A paradoxical new magazine, this one has a professional group but all of the people from the staff that I know are died-in-the-wool loonies. They claim to be trying to provide some adult reading for Chicago, but I think they're really out to subvert perfectly ordinary Middle Americans. Articles start out with serious stuff about fashion and movie directors and gradually degenerate into pieces on comic books, sleazy movie directors (H.G. Lewis) and even the Church of the SubGenius. If #2 comes out, we'll know the plot worked.

BUFFO: 1&2 (L1 or more from Spectacular Times, Box 99, Freedom Press, 84b, White Chapel High Street, London, E1 7QX ENGLAND): This booklet traces the evolution and actions of the Situationists, starting from their roots in the Lettrists and proceeding through such pranksters as the Yippies and other pie-throwers forward to modern rashes of bomb threats from office workers desiring longer lunch hours. A truly inspiring collection of revolutionary buffonery, and one which will set wheels turning in the heads of crazy folks everywhere. Be the first on your block to detourne a billboard or six.

THE BVI NEWSLETTER 9/84 (60¢ from PO Box 2413, Littleton, CO 80161-2413): A xeroxed collection of "news" stories apparently written by high-school students, covering such things as the Year of the Breaded Squid Cake and the hoarding of woolite for some unknown reason. I don't know why they bother to spend money printing this stuff.



Healthier

A newspaper cartoon showed the entrance to the tunnel of love at an amusement park; also on the sign it said, "No kinky stuff." That cartoon ("Ziggy") appeared on the front page of The Herald-Journal, Nov. 9.

Now, when I was a kid that cartoon wouldn't have appeared in the newspaper at all. Sex was naughty or evil, depending only on how serious you were.

We're a little healthier now.
DAVE REISSIG
Syracuse

And here's two more ads from my favorite Birdbrain, who also sends along a "One word description of FACTSHEET FIVE -- PREEMINENT" Thanks, Brainbeau. Do I actually detect some hints of explanation of your ideas in the continuing series of ad pages?

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS STILL PROMOTES
Above the ground quackery such as import restrictions, nuclear freeze, draft evasion and inflationary strikes. Everyone of the clan is a fixed wage and winnerless war fan as are you no doubt. Those two concepts are as the rising and setting sun. To get the latest from the greatest -- the world's **ONLY** radical send **SASE** to the #1 party bore
BRAINBEAU
Box 2243 -- YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, 44504

QUESTION:
How could I explain "must-be-adopted" **UNFIXED** wages to my grade school son?
ANSWER:
Tell the boy to assume that for \$2.00 he is hired by a classmate to go on a treasure hunt in the city dump, together they find \$100. Your boy loses \$48 because he didn't insist on a 50/50 money split.
Send **SASE** to inflation-ending workers, others money split (probably 50/50) or simply **UNFIXED WAGES**
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN -- OHIO, 44504

THE CAPTIVE'S PRIMER #1 (\$2 from UPPI, PO Box 23594, Florence, AZ 85232): This is a zine for "prisoners of the state", produced by inmates of the Arizona State Prison. This makes their publishing an even shakier endeavor than most of ours, but they've pulled it off once and it looks like they'll do it again. This issue explains the basic idea behind CP and their parent organization, United Prisoner Personnel International and discusses things that prisoners can do to make their repression a bit more tolerable. They also mention a couple of people who are having lots of trouble in the slammer.

CEREBRAL DISCOURSE (It says "FREE" from PO Box 95455, Seattle, WA 98145-2455) An 8 1/2 x 11 mail-art network publication, most of the graphics here are stark black-and-white images of corporate, government and technological repression. They may not make you think new thoughts, but they'll bring back some of the blacker old ones you've had from time to time about being caught in an out-of-control world. My favorite is a page with the heading "SOMEDAY FUNNIES" which begins "Big Dada is watching..."

CHEMICAL-OF-THE-MONTH BULLETIN (20¢ stamp from Chemical Girl, 420 W. Elm St., Kent, OH 44240): A small celebration of the joys of modern life. This is the "Chemistry of Anatomical Beauty" issue, and is particularly devoted to the wonders of Diet Coke, complete with the hilarious Chemical Girl Diet, with lunch consisting of a single slice of sausage, some salt, 13 cigarettes and 3 bottle of -- you guessed it -- Diet Coke.

CHEAP TRUTH #9 (SASE from Vincent Omniveritas, 809-C W. 12th St., Austin, TX 78701): This one-sheeter might seem to the uninitiated to be a Sfanzone, but in fact it is a zine about science fiction, a very different kettle of fish indeed. CT views the field as stagnant and looks for a hint of life anywhere around it; this issue recommends some mags for people who want to actually think about the future instead of just reading another post-atomic war story. Where else can you get something with thought behind it for just the price of a stamp?

CIRCLE @ IN ATLANTA (Contribution from PO Box 57114, Atlanta, GA 30343-1114): This is one of the best anarchist zines on the scene today, and it stays in that position by wrestling with contemporary issues rather than rehashing the debates of the First International. Articles this time cover Central American affairs, election analysis and some thoughts on what has to happen for there to be any significant change in this country this century. The staff tries to present many points of view fairly while maintaining an overall anti-system stance.

THE CITIZEN'S CLAW, Dec. 1984 (\$1 or \$12/year from PO Box 441, Morongo Valley, CA 92256 -- CASH or Postal MO ONLY): This one comes from a Constitutionalist group that's actually trying to do something to fight back. Specifically, they've declared the Feds in default on their constitutional duties and have organized the "New Nation USA" that pledges to uphold our basic freedoms. For \$3 you can become a citizen of NNUSA and get a membership card to prove it.

THE CONNECTION #124 (\$1.50 from Erwin S. Strauss, 9850 Fairfax Sq. #232, Fairfax, VA 22031): This is a reduced-print apa devoted to libertarianism and related subjects. The discussions tend to be violent and deeply philosophical; those who cannot defend their views should keep clear. Recent controversies have revolved around the efficacy of political vs. violent action, the prospect of an economy where works, and whether Communism is infinitely superior to Libertarianism, among other things.

CREeping SOUNDS Vol. 1 (SASE from PO Box 352, New Town Branch, Boston, MA 02258): This is another local (to me, that is) pfanzine. It seems to be oriented mostly towards traditional rock and pop -- groups featured include Chain Link Fence, The Odds, and Moose and The Mudbugs. There are a fair number of local groups recording in Boston and these people seem to have connections in the area. Also includes a few reviews of national records, e.g., The Bangles latest.

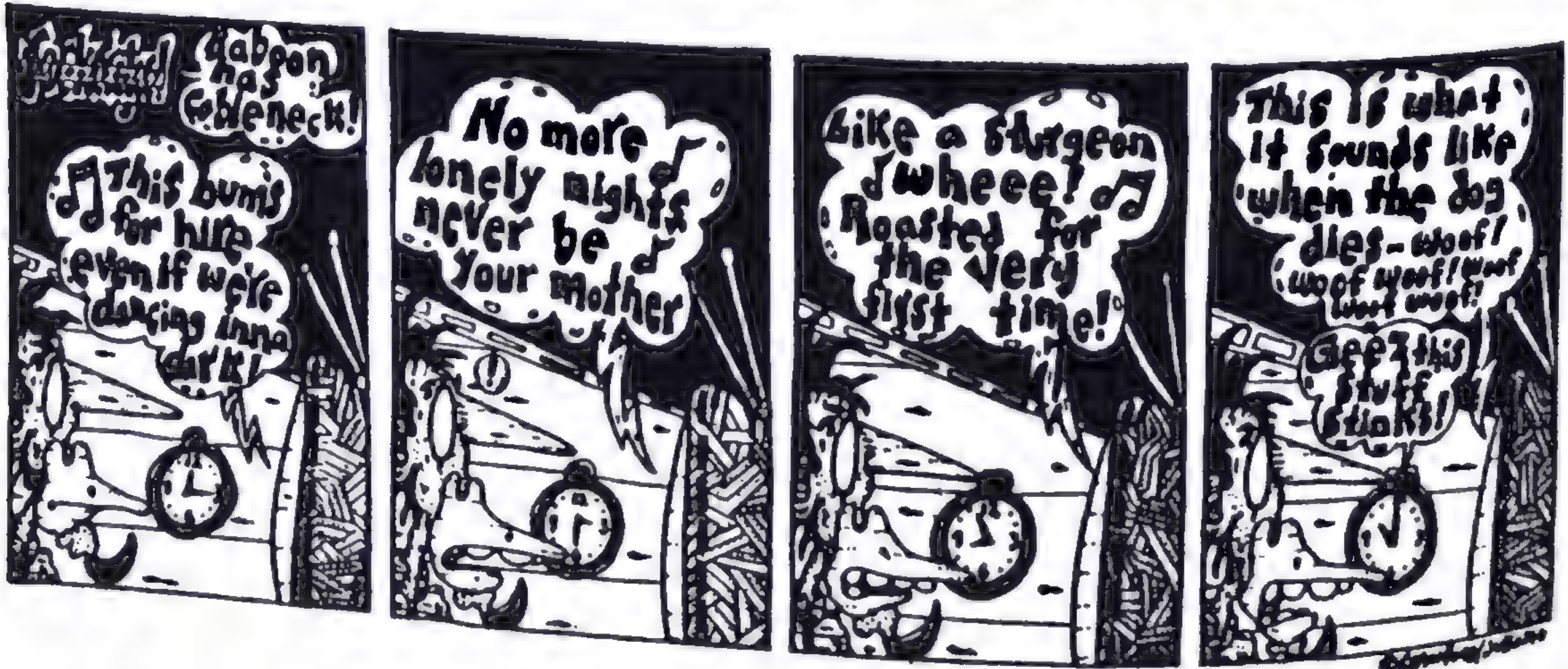
THE DAILY WORLD 11/29/84 (\$12/year from 239 W. 23rd St., New York, NY 10011): The CPUSA is still trying to present itself as the friend of workers everywhere, hence the major articles in the DW are always union-oriented. Why do they think most union members don't want to kill Commies? Anyhow, this issue also talks about the US attempt to trick the Soviets into strategic inferiority, picking coffee in Nicaragua, and the shortwave schedule of Radio Moscow.

DAWN HORSE BOOK DEPOT CATALOG (Free from PO Box 12427, San Rafael, CA 94903): These people mainly exist to push the writings of Da Free John, along with cassettes and videotapes. Prices are low, probably because they're taking a loss to get the word out. They also carry pop science (like TAKING THE QUANTUM LEAP) and sources from various other esoteric teachings, from Zen to Yoga.

THE DILLINGER RELIC 37 (\$1 from Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701): This is the second incarnation of Arthur's Sfanzine, and it's one of the better ones in the field, having been nominated for the Hugo Award several times. In a diary format, Arthur talks about whatever is catching his interest lately; these tend to be offbeat things like the latest conspiracy theory, Alexander Technique, and the occult. He also talks about porn flicks, football and fanzines.

A DISCORDIAN DIRECTORY #9 (\$1 from Myrococosmus V, PO Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061): The monthly newsletter of the B.I.T.C.H. (which may be another one-man front group), this is an exercise in Discordian networking. Myrococosmus keeps trying to get bigger things going, like books, conventions and stickers, but has not yet found an audience with both insanity and money to spend. Meanwhile, the real loonies advertize in ADD, since they're too cheap to buy space here.

THE DROOD REVIEW OF MYSTERY Vol. IV #9 (75¢ or \$9/year from PO Box 8872, Boston, MA 02114): This is the only mystery zine I get, and I get it because I write for them, so I may not be completely objective. Still, I think this is an excellent guide to the field. The heart of DR is (are?) the book reviews, which are more than just plot summaries. Instead, they wander off into feminism, politics, and philosophy, but still manage to discuss the book at hand. DR also publishes surveys of new titles and occasional bits on mysteries on TV, in the movies, or as wargames.



CHRIS DUFFY COMICS CATALOG (Rt. 4, Rosson's #8, Murphysboro, IL, 62966): You'll notice a couple other references to Chris in this issue of FF, as he was kind enough to send me some material to review. He has a wide stock of underground and out-of-print comics and graphics books for sale by mail. The prices appear reasonable to me, with most new items being under \$1, reasonable shipping charges and large-order discounts. The catalog is free.

THE DUPLEX PLANET #61 (\$1.25 or \$6/6 issues from David Greenberger, PO Box 1230, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866): A collection of thoughts on the world from the residents of the Duplex Nursing home. My favorite quote of the issue is "And don't write that down, neither. You shouldn't write that, you should write some news, not what I said." From the profound to the muddled, there's always something new in DP.

THE EARTH ALLIANCE Vol. 3 #10 (SASE from 373 11th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215): TEA is a New York grassroots activist group that publishes this newsletter when they feel like it. Even living in the city, they're concerned with staying close to the earth, and this issue contains some contacts in the area of homesteading, guerilla action at the Port Authority, and words on Agent Orange. I get the impression that much of their energy goes into local organizing, but it's hard to say just what they've accomplished.

Jan from DREAMSHORE (see THE BEST) writes "...what gave you the idea we're not out to change the world? We're just doing it a bit more quietly, that's all. Instead of running a lot of pictures of the fungus between your toes taking over the world we generate voices in the back of your mind that take over the world."

So perhaps you should approach their magazine with some caution...

EDITIONS CATALOG #696 (\$1 from Editions, Boiceville, NY 12412): These people are dangerous. They sell used books at a fair price (typical hardcovers are about 6 to 10 bucks) and by so doing soak up a lot of my disposable income. In the past year or so I've made some real finds in their listings of thousands of books. Now they've opened up a retail shop in Kingston as well, but I haven't been there yet -- I can't afford to go.

EER MEET #2 (\$1, I think, from Trent Radio, Trent University, Peterborough, ONT K9J 7B8 CANADA): An 11x17 one-sheeter reviewing a couple of dozen cassettes. Most seem to be experimental or post-new wave music, with mucho synthesizers mentioned in the reviews. Other strange terms such as "greasabilly" crop up too. EM is also gearing up to produce a compilation cassette of their own during the early part of this year.

ELITIST ENNUI #25 (SASE from Alex McKale, 812 Clark St. #2B, Evanston, IL 60201): This is a sort of "life and times of" zine, with one and two-paragraph sections on things that catch Alex's eye. He talks about the hassles in being a new person at a research lab, things heard on Beatles records while drunk, and AIDS research projects. A good little zine to sit down with to pass the time of day.

EMANCIPATION #60 (Sample Free or \$5/year from PO Box 840, Benjamin Franklin Sta., Washington, DC 20044): This used to be sort of the archetypal anarchist zine, always full of the latest news on the Spanish civil war (ca. 1935) and the writings of Bakunin. Lately, though, they've been covering more current issues. The lead article this time is yet another "Let's not go to war with Nicaragua" piece, and there are also bits on prison reform and the plans for a counter-inaugural when the Pres gets sworn back into office.

EVERYDAY BOOKS (PO Box 806, 768 Main St., Willimantic, CT 06226): This is the new catalog from a purveyor of "feminist and lesbian literature". Fiction and biography, buttons, calendars, postcards and more for sale. The prices are about what you'd expect to pay a store, but I don't think you'll find this stock anywhere else -- a wide variety of hard-to-find items are listed here.

FERRET #5 (60¢ from David Roth, 2521 Irving Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55405): This is a mini-comic mainly devoted to the adventures of the title character, though Baboon Dooley does sneak in for a page. Ferret is, not surprisingly, a ferret, and in this issue he gives birth, acts in a horror flick, and does drugs at NIMH. The visual equivalent of punk garage-band tapes.

FIFTH ESTATE Fall 1984 (\$5/year from PO Box 02548, Detroit, MI 48202). FE has just moved to larger quarters and as a result this issue is a bit leaner than most, but it's still interesting. The letter column threatens to engulf the rest of the paper as correspondents continue to debate past articles in this anarchist tabloid, but there is room for a few new features all the same. The high point of this issue is George Bradford's extensive discussion of the establishment media as "centralized machines of deceit".

FLIPSIDE 44 (\$1.50 or \$6/4 issues from PO Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608). There is so much to this pfanine that it's difficult to describe without resorting to statistics: 72 pages of reduced print, 25 locs, 100 pfanine reviews, 100 record review, band interviews and scene reviews too many to count. FLIPSIDE is sort of the newspaper of record of the punk and alternative music movement, a vast resource of addresses and ideas for those who want to get involved in these sounds. Buy one today.

FOOD FOR BIRDS, PEOPLE FOR PROFIT #4 (Free from Mid-Coast SubChurch of Paranoia, RFD 279, Rockland, ME 04841). This zine is pubbed by a SubGenius group and I'm not sure what to make of it. It resembles an apa, in that the contributions are laid out by individuals without editorial interference, but there is an announced theme for submissions to each issue (this one is SEX, #5 will be ALTERNATIVE CRISIS and #6 will be DRUGS, THE LAW AND VIOLENCE). "We have no deadline, no advertising, no circulation, no commercial potential, so quit asking, okay?" A mixed bag of radical stuff -- send an SASE to ensure a reply.

THE FORERUNNER Vol. IV #8 (\$12/year from PO Box 1799, Gainesville, FL 32602): This is the newspaper of the Maranatha Christian Fellowship, and I only read it to remind myself that not everyone thinks the way I do. Articles in this issue inform us that the Founding Fathers did not intend a separation of Church and State and the Marxist dictatorship in Nicaragua is a threat to America's security.

FRAGMENTS Vol. XX #3 (\$10/year from 146 Jericho Tpke., Floral Park, NY 11001): I'm not quite sure what to make of this one. It appears to be put out by a batch of Georgists -- Henry George was an american anarchist who thought all taxes should be reduced to a single tax on land (I think) -- yet this issue has precious little to say about George. The two lead articles are about Frederic Bastiat, a nineteenth-century French economist who believed strongly in the free market. I guess these folks are mostly out to find freedom through the Invisible Hand.

FREE BEER PRESS #7 (?): This is an average pfanine, which apparently comes from Kalamazoo. The writers appear somewhat more literate than the average pfan. There are actually a few reviews that are interesting to read. The problem is that there is neither an address nor a price on this thing. Look, guys, if it violates your artistic principles to put the price and name on the cover or first page then handwrite it on my copy, okay? I get about 40 pieces of mail a week, and the cover letter doesn't always stay with the zine. Hey, I'm sorry FBP, whoever you are.

FREEDOM #62 (\$12/year from 1413 N. Berendo St., Los Angeles, CA 90027): A lot of folks didn't like it when I supported the Unification Church in its struggle for religious freedom and a lot of people aren't going to like it when I do the same for the Scientologists, whose paper this is. I don't like the Scientologists -- in fact, I was thrown out -- but they've got a right to exist without the perpetual harassment focused on them by the government. By now, though, they're big enough to fight back. This issue's investigative reporting concentrates on the IRS murder of Gordon Kahl.

Steve asks: "How do you keep finding publications to review? Okay, that's an easy one, I guess: because people keep starting new ones? If so, do they keep sounding new to you? Or is newness beside the point? Maybe the more the better?...I'd go crazy reading all the things you read? How do you do it?" In large part it's an effort to drive myself slightly crazy. To me, one of the greatest dangers in the world appears to be the temptation to believe that one has discovered the final truth and can thus start ignoring things. That's the start of old age. But this aside, the new pubs do keep sounding new to me: every editor has a different style, whether I manage to bring this across in FF or not, and there is a potential audience out there for each and every one of us. FF is still looking for more members of its audience, but the letters I get indicate that I'm doing something right, that people appreciate and better yet use this zine, and that keeps me in business.

THE FREE PHILOSOPHER QUARTERLY Vol. 2 #3 (\$4 or \$16/year from PO Box 6145, Bellevue, WA 98008): This is an academic libertarian zine, devoted to philosophical analyses of the works of the proponents of freedom. John Rawls, Ayn Rand and Robert Nozick are the main writers discussed in this issue. The articles are well-written and thoughtful and best of all the zine is free from the tendency to attack bad ideas instead of supporting good ones that characterizes many libertarian publications.

FREFANZINE 50 (Sample \$1 from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155): This is an anarchist/libertarian apa that I am OE of. It's bi-monthly and the discussions are freewheeling; members range from capitalist individualists to communists to a bank robber. This fiftieth issue was 261 pages and features a full-color cover and a history of the apa. We encourage participation, not subscription; please don't write unless you want to be an active member.

THE FRINGE #2 (60¢ from PO Box 2507, Bellingham, WA 98227): This pfanzine also has a heavy comics influence, and it's the only link between those two fields that I know of. Fanzine and record reviews, interviews with bands and a comics artist, and an editorial hoping that punk and hardcore will never become a stereotyped "movement" but instead will continue to encourage artistic freedom and rebellion.

F.U.T.U.R.E. #1 (\$12/year from PO Box 228, Butte, ND 58723): One of the most annoying things about this zine is that they don't explain what (if anything) the title stands for. Inside, the articles seem to focus mainly on 'New Age' concerns: astrology, planetary stewardship, anti-military activism, natural foods and other such things. But there are also a few articles shading over towards the real wacky side of things, such as the one by Mrs. George Van Tassel, building something called an Integratron out in Valifornia.

THE GEMSTONE FILE (\$1 from me (see below)): The original Gemstone File was probably G.Gordon Liddy's Watergate bugging transcript file. But I've got copies of two other manuscripts claiming to be The Gemstone File, one from Shavertron #16 and the other headed simply "Illuminati Research Report". This seems to be a bit of modern folklore in the making, as both of these dissimilar manuscripts make strange connections between various events and shadowy figures ranging from the Bilderburgers to Ari Onassis. I would be interested in seeing any other material on this subject, and I'll sell a copy of what I have to anyone who wants it.

THE GEORGIA LIBERTARIAN Vol. 12 #3 (Box 1349, Cartersville, GA 30247): This is the official publication of the Libertarian Party of Georgia, and it seems to have gotten considerably smaller in the wake of the LP defeat at the polls this year. Nonetheless, this particular issue boasts an excellent lead article by Jimmy Harris, giving leads to other Free libertarian publicatoons, so they might be worth keeping an eye on. No price is listed, but I'd guess about 50¢ for this issue.

GIRLS AND BOYS, by Lynda Barry (\$6.95 from Chris Duffy, Rt. 4, Rosson's #8, Murphysboro, IL 62966): This would be back in the books section but I ordered it from a comics distributor. A collection of extremely funny comics from the gal who drew the infamous POODLE WITH A MOHAWK poster. Her style is harsh and not very representational, but the foibles of the sexes in thier ongoing battle are pointed out so well that the art doesn't matter. A winner.

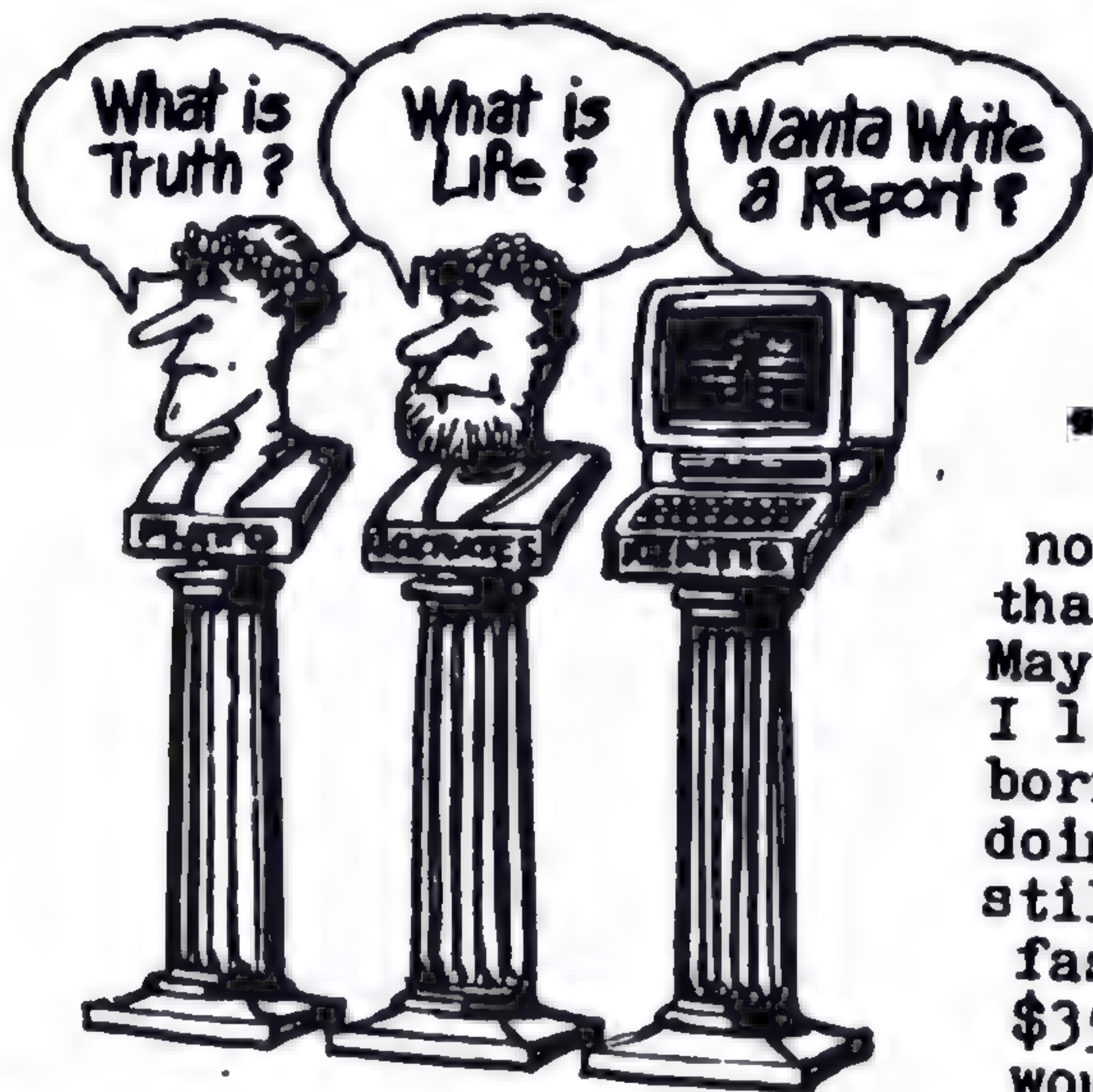
THE GNU'S LETTER #7 (SASE from Chip Lavin, PO Box 242, East Walpole, MA 02032); Chip is a witch who is also a Discordian, and the Gnu's Letter either comes out at full moons or whenever he pleases. This 4-pager is about half lunar and star worship, half discordianism, and half unclassifiable. "Say the Magick Fnord and the duck will come down and give you a ducky kiss...Don't forget to knock and wipe your feet before entering the Gateless Gate."

GONE! #1 (SASE from Denver Tucson, 2491 Ellsworth St. #21, Berkeley, CA 94704); This is a travel magazine that is not dedicated to old and rich people. Tucson is the resident artist for the Monthly...Bulletin and is now in the publishing business on the side and looking for people's travel stories. This issue features vignettes from Greece, France, Lebanon, India and Navajo country, USA.

HAMSTERAMA #8 (20¢ stamp from 993 Short St., Pacific Grove, CA 93950); A pfanine featuring the most vicious-looking hamster I've ever seen, record reviews, apparently-original lyrics, Zen marginalia, skate stuff (can anyone explain to me just what "skate" means in this context? I know it's got to do with skateboards, but what's it got to do with music?) and a plug for the mail-order American Fellowship Church.

HARVEST Vol. 5 #2 (\$10/year from PO Box 228, S. Framingham, MA 01701); A very well done pagan zine that does not stick dogmatically to any one belief system. Subjects range from how to sew a robe to the use of herbs to what's magickal in modern music to thoughts on the social climate. The Sourcery section is the best pagan networking resource that I've seen.

HERETIC'S JOURNAL Vol. 4 #6 (\$1 from Ron Heresy, PO Box 12347, Seattle, WA 98111); Ron has been active in trying to form a synthesis between a number of mystical, metaphysical and political ideas. He has concerns in common with a lot of social groups, from the Greens to the Jane Roberts/Seth enthusiasts. The main feature of this issue is an article on where political action can go next. In order to be part of the process, Ron is ending HJ but founding a news bulletin and an apa to take its place; write to him for more details.



Myrocosmus writes: "Anyway, I did notice that FF#12 was bigger, and I take that to mean you're doing well. Congrats! Maybe you got some of the good zine-vibes I lost last month, along with the \$30 I borrowed (ulp!) to make ADD#8." Yeah, I'm doing well, or at least better; though I'm still losing money, it's not going away as fast as it was. The loss is down to about \$35 a month and FF is still growing. I would like it to be even larger than it is now but I'm about out of idea for making more money flow into this operation. I would welcome any suggestions

HIMALAYAN NEWS Jan/Feb 1985 (Free from RD 1, Box 88, Honesdale, PA 18431); This is the tabloid organ of the Himalayan Insitute, a nonsense yuppie approach to the Eastern arts. From tours of the Himalayas to complete Hatha Yoga training at their plush Pennsylvania retreat, they can accomodate any seeker with enough money. For the rest of us, there are some useful and interesting things in this publication, such as the article on "Choosing a Path", which distinguishes between eleven different kinds of yoga.

HOMESTEADERS NEWS #44 (\$2 or \$10/6 issues from PO Box 517, Naples, NY 14512); Want to go out into the country and live simply and well? If you've dreamed about this as I have, your first move should be to subscribe to HN. Besides regular columns of medical advice, home-schooling news and gardening plans, each issue of HN offers one in-depth feature. This time it's on drying fruits and vegetables, complete with plans to build a dryer. The HN folks also sponsor the annual Good Life Get-Together during which you can come up to their place for hands-on training.

IGNOMINY #3 (SASE from PO Box 4716, Las Vegas, NV 89127): This is the final issue of this pfanine but copies should be available for a couple of months yet. This one mostly stayed away from record and band reviews but concentrated on the underlying forces behind punk. This issue has a long article on the future of punk and an editorial exhorting folks to start their own zine to fill in the gap left by its demise.

IMMORTALS: THE LIFE BEYOND DEATH (75¢ & a stamp from Steven P. Scharff, PO Box 5004, Hillside Township, NJ 07205-5004): This is an Ace Double minicomic in which Scharff and fellow artist G. Raymond Eddy tackle the same title with radically different results. Given the title, it was inevitable that the artists' spiritual belief would influence the contents, but despite this, neither half comes off as preachy. Instead, both provoke one to wonder about just what will be coming our way in the putative afterlife.

INDEPENDENT PUBLICATIONS (7001 N. Clark #323, Chicago, IL 60626): Independent stocks a large number of underground comics and strange little magazines and sells them at a not-too-large markup. A lot of their stuff has been featured in FF, but there are plenty more titles to choose from: BAD NEWS, ZAP, and BLATCH, for example.

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY Vol. 15 #12 (\$8/year from SIL, PO Box 338, Warminster, PA 18974): This is the newszine of the Society for Individual Liberty, one of the oldest libertarian groups around. Their main value has been as a central clearing-house for movement news, but lately they have begun stepping into the gap left by the demise of several of the big-time libertarian magazines. This issue features a long article on "The Foundation of Morality", attempting to defend the basis of Ayn Rand's philosophy from an academic attack.

INFORMATION PAPERS #1.5 (SASE from Central News Service, PO Box 7075, Laguna Niguel, CA 92677): This is an effort to build a grass-roots libertarian chain letter network. The publisher hopes that people will reproduce these papers and send them on to friends and the process will continue ad infinitum. Possible, but I doubt it. The contents are not so very thrilling: The first argues that law must triumph over politics, the second is the familiar Consitutionalist theme of our money being worthless

INDUSTRIAL WORKER Vol. 82 #1 (\$4/year from 3435 N. Sheffield, #202, Chicago, IL 60657): You may have heard of the Industrial Workers of the World, better known as the Wobblies, in American History class. There are actually a few of them still left, though I don't think it's as many as 1,000, and they're still putting out their paper and calling for American labor to get together in "One Big Union". The lead story this time is about a strike by an IWW-sanctioned union: 4 of the 7 workers at Keller Fish are out on strike.

INTERNATIONAL GRAFFITI TIMES Vol. 4 (\$1 from PO Box 299, Prince St. Station, New York, NY 10012): This is precisely what it says, a zine devoted to the fine art of graffiti. The foldout two-color format reminds me of a subway map, though this may only be because of all the pictures of decorated subway cars. The coverage is international and eclectic, this issue featuring South African anti-apartheid graffiti and a note on the connections between graffiti and gnosticism.

JERRYCO (601 Linden Place, Evanston, IL 60202): This is an industrial and military surplus house which is very likely to take away some of my hard-earned money in the near future. Sort of like an Edmund catalog but more esoteric and cheaper: A pound of graphite for \$1.25, an empty 100-pound practice bomb for \$30, a flat field magnifier for \$3.75 and lots more in their 48-page catalog.

JET LAG #50 (\$1 or \$12/year from The Mailman Building, 8419 Halls Ferry Rd., St. Louis, MO 63147): This rock zine (they're not quite mainstream but I wouldn't call them punk) has gotten much more professional looking in the last couple of months. I think the writing is also improving. New editor Tony Renner should take a bow. This issue features articles on Hoodoo Gurus, Bruce Springsteen and Mahavishnu, plus the only video tape reviews I've seen in a music zine.

KANSAS COLLEGE OF COLLAGE (SASE to PO Box 8187, SM, KS 66208); This once-thriving Posterist higher-education project has apparently fallen on hard times. Students have flocked away from the campus in droves, yet the remaining faculty are still documenting the decline and fall of their institution with a certain savoir faire and lots of strange-looking art. The KCoC has put out many other collage pubs in the past few years; whether you can get them still is anyone's guess.

THE LAST INTERNATIONAL (2000 Center St. #1314, Berkeley, CA 94704) is another brilliant posterist having a few problems these days, though in his case it's the unwanted attentions of a bunch of communist thugs that is making life difficult. There is a story here of some interest to those with illusions of the supposed "unity" of the anarchist movement -- send him a buck or two and ask for information on the struggle with the PROCESSED WORLD staff.

Nancy sends "Yet another question for the Factsheet Five contest: If you carry an empty closed shoebox from one closet to another, does it still contain the same space it had originally?" Well, my first inclination would be to say "no", but a while ago I read a whole book about the Problems of Time and Space and it convinced me that either I don't know anything about them or that philosophers have needlessly complicated the whole field.

LAW & FREEDOM INFORMATION LETTER (\$3 or \$25/year from Jeremy Myer, PO Box 2700, Huntington Beach, CA 92647); This is a Constitutionalist periodical concentrating on the abuse of the law by the IRS and on the fact that "OUR 'MONEY' IS A LIE". Myer takes a published piece on tax problems and gives his own views of what the problem is, replete with capitalised warnings such as "ANARCHY STARTS WITH GOVERNMENT" and Biblical references. I don't think I'd risk doing prison time by defending a tax case with his strategies

THE LETTER EXCHANGE #4 (\$2 from Stephen Sikora, PO Box 6218, Albany, CA 94706); This is the journal of the Readers' League, an organization attempting to stem the glut of impersonal information in our society by encouraging a return to the more personal art of writing letters. Each issue consists of thoughts on letter-writing plus a number of listings from people who would like to get involved in more correspondences. The League maintains these listings under a code-number system to protect privacy. Topics of desired correspondence are wide-ranging, from history and politics to folks just wanting to chat.

LIBERACE PIANO COMETBUS #16 (SASE from PO Box 4726, Berkeley, CA 94704); This little pfnzine consists almost entirely of interviews with the bands Pop-o-pies and Part Time Christians. The production is an assault on the eyes; hand-printing and b&w photos reproduced in high-contrast xerox. Of note is the fact that this zine apparently changes titles with every issue, so you probably won't get back what you wrote away for.

LIBERTARIAN ALLIANCE (c/o 3 Langley Court, London WC2 ENGLAND); One can join this group for \$10 a year and receive quarterly mailings of their publication FREE LIFE, if I am reading the rates correctly, but that seems awfully low for a 50-page reduced zine so I hesitate to list it. The LA is a group of free-market anarcho-capitalist libertarians, or at least that appears to be their main bent. They have a number of position papers and other publications available, and seem to be doing quite a bit to promote the free market by means of education.

LIBERTARIAN LOGOS Vol. 2 #13-14 (\$15/year from PSL, PO Box 25172, Phoenix, AZ 85001); This is the outreach journal of the Philosophical Society of Libertarians, a group mainly interested in improving prison conditions and otherwise focusing on those most oppressed under the current order. It has been publishing infrequently of late due to editor Lorraine Valencia's protest campaign for Congress, but I presume it will be back soon. Send a couple bucks for a sample if you think everyone in this country has civil rights and find out how wrong you are.

LITTLE FREE PRESS (Free from Ernest Mann, Rte. 2, Box 136A, Cushing, MN 56443); I'm happy to say that the rumor I passed along last issue about Ernest's death was greatly exaggerated. He's still putting out pamphlets endorsing the priceless economic system, a utopia where no one would pay or be paid for anything and where we would all live better as a result. The details are free -- what can you lose by asking?

LIVING FREE #28 (\$1.25 or \$7/6 issues from Jim Stumm, PO Box 29, Miller Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223): "A personal journal of self liberation", this one is devoted to the possibility of gaining freedom by ignoring the system instead of changing it. Some of the running ideas are living in the wilderness ("vonu"), homesteading, and living in a city on a low profile by scrounging instead of working. New country ideas also crop up from time to time. A good source of hints and contacts for establishing self-sufficiency, with more emphasis on doing things than you'll find in most freedom publications

LOBSTER TENDENCIES EAST Vol. 1 #2 (25¢ & 37¢ postage from Michael Kaniecki, 141 Ridge St #8, New York, NY 10002): This is another spinoff from the old LOBSTER TENDENCIES, which also gave rise to CLOSEST PENGUINS. The prose in these short stories (or story fragments) seems to me to be somewhat more surrealist than that in CP. Many of the entries here remind me of Michael Moorcock's Jerry Cornelius stories; there is important action taking place off the page, but we are not told what it is. We see only the secondary results of things.

LOG CABIN #74 (\$1 or \$6/year from George L. Roberts, Rt. 1, Box 419, Fincastle, VA 24090): This is the zine of Mensa's Back to the Land Special Interest Group, though membership is open to non-Mensans as well. This one has something of the flavor of an apa, being composed mostly of bits of letters from the membership, many of whom are actually living and working on their own homesteads or farms. A good place to exchange ideas on how to live simply with other like-minded folks, and to pick up useful tips.

MADNESS! #6 (\$1 from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155): This is a struggling little mail-art network that I haven't had the heart to kill off entirely yet. Contributors send what they think is bizarre and pay a buck a page to have it printed, and copies go out to a select group of Posterists and other loonies. Issues are always late and have been pretty small, and I don't think this project will last much longer. There are too many other, more successful MANs out there.

MAKA DUDI (Box 2928, Nakuru, KENYA): This globetrotting Posterist currently has about 200 pages of words and graphics available for 10¢ a

HOUSTON SECTIONAL CENTER
Houston, Texas 77201

page, postpaid. Much of his stuff is influenced by the tenets of the Church of the SubGenius, and many of his collages feature African themes. Vaguely Dadaish. This address is only going to be valid until April '85, so write soon.

THE MILL HUNK HERALD #15 (\$3/year from 916 Middle St., Pittsburgh, PA 15212): This is another one-of-a-kind item: a subscriber-run, worker-oriented magazine. Fiction, poetry, historical and current articles all come straight from the worker's mouth and are chosen for publication by fellow workers. Since this comes from one of the more depressed areas in the country, much of the content focuses on the problems of the American worker and how they can be assuaged. I'm impressed by the general quality of the writing and if much of it is seemingly desperate, it's quite understandable.

Dear Postal Customer:

The enclosed was found loose in the mails or has been damaged in handling in the Postal Service (whichever is applicable to the enclosure).

We realize your mail is important to you and you have every right to expect it to be delivered intact and in good condition. The Postal Service makes every effort to properly handle the mail entrusted to it but due to the large volume, occasional damage may occur.

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We are constantly striving to improve our processing methods to assure that an occurrence such as the enclosed can be eliminated. We appreciate your concern over the handling of your mail and sincerely regret the inconvenience you have experienced.

Sincerely,

Sectional Center
Director, Mail Processing.

enclosure

From staff writer Anni Ackner: "Oh, I must tell you, before I go any further, that I came upon a rather interesting little item in an old book on the legal aspects of child abuse cases (I will not read everything on which I get my hands, but my boundaries are pretty widely drawn) and, naturally, I thought of you. To wit: 'Fact Sheet No. 5, Bureau of Drug Abuse Control (August 25, 1966) Eating, inhaling or injecting even as small a quantity of LSD as 1/280,000 of an ounce causes symptoms ranging from hallucination, distortion, and intensification of sensory perception to panic, impulses towards violence, suicidal acts, and psychosis....' It goes on and on in this vein, but the point is that I have the idea that the title of your magazine isn't entirely coincidental." But it is! I was flabbergasted to read this. I thought the title came from an old John Brunner story. If anyone ever runs across an original copy of this other Fact Sheet, I'd dearly love to see it.

THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN #25 (SASE from 2510 Bancroft Way #207, Berkeley, CA 94704): According to my calculations, there are nine letters of title for every page in this little humor zine. Some day they should print an issue consisting only of the title. Anyhow, this one is for people whose brains are perpendicular to the ordinary world. Gems this issue include the drawing of "Baboon Fae and Child's Heart" and a checklist of the world's least enjoyable movies (not the worst ones, which is something else again). Stop reading now, get a stamp and an envelope, and write for this.

MYTHOLOGY RAGAZINE (? from Daniel Kresh, 802 Potrero Ave., San Francisco, CA 94110): No price on this one, but I'd guess it's worth about a buck if there are any copies left. The sure way to get the next one is to contribute something for publication: Dan is looking for thoughts on time and related subjects. This first issue is mostly about myths and mythology, with random thoughts from a number of people; I liked the Bulgarian proverbs and the Parables of the Starving Man. Strangely literary but without a strong coherency in many places.

THE NATURAL LAW FAMILIST Vol. 3 #8 (Free from 5324 Sun Valley Dr., El Paso, TX 79924): This libertarian zine focuses on children's rights and Familism, which seem mildly contrary to me: familism being the idea that affairs should be regulated on a familial basis instead of a state one. They believe strongly in Natural Moral Law, which I think is a crock of shit; the idea that there are guiding moral principles in the world which any man can deduce through the use of pure reason. I don't think this sort of dubious ethical base actually does the anti-authoritarian movement any good at all.

NEOLOGY Vol. 9 #5 (\$1 or the usual from ESFCAS, Box 4071, Edmonton, AB T6E 4S8 CANADA): This is the Sfanzine of the Edmonton Science Fiction & Comic Art Society. They have a number of the usual fannish features: a lively letter column, convention reports, movie and book reviews and the like. But they also wander into other, less traditional subjects such as the battle between high-tech and antique fan publishing equipment and reviews of current comic books. Very nice mimeography.

NO GOVERNOR #5 (\$2 or \$10/6 issues from Robert Shea, PO Box 319, Glencoe, IL 60022): The co-author of the ILLUMINATUS! trilogy is back in the fanzine business after a long hiatus. The old focus of NG was anarchism, and that seems to be still a major concern, with the main article being a purist anarchist critique of Libertarian Marxists by veteran activist Jim Bumpas. But now Bob is getting more personal and more eclectic in the section called "Footnotes to an Unwritten Text", which reads something like a diary keyed to important thoughts rather than to specific days. This is a zine to watch and get in on the ground floor of, and I predict it will make THE BEST list in short order.

NOMOS Vol. 2 #4 (\$3 or \$10/4 issues from 9857 S. Damen, Chicago, IL 60643): This is another relatively new libertarian zine filling one of the gaps that has developed in the market. It gets slicker and more pro-looking with every issue while maintaining a very thought-provoking level of contents. This issue has major articles on taxicab deregulation and porn vs. the free press; the NOMOS writers are interested in applying libertarian principles to current problems and reaching out to those who might share their faith in spontaneous order and the free market. Also an excellent place to start networking within the libertarian realm.

NRG (\$4/year from 6735 SE 78th, Portland, OR 97206): This issue of is a chapbook by James Grabill titled "In the Coiled Light". You won't find "chapbook" in the Glossary to FF because I'm not precisely sure what it means, but in this case it works out to be a collection of poetry. As for the poems themselves, they seem in large part to be about the links between the various parts of the natural world, but don't place any bets on my interpretation. I could really use a poetry reviewer, if there's anyone out there who wants the job.

OVERTHROW Vol. VI #4 (\$1 from PO Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013): Still around and still publishing, the Yippies are by now taking on the appearance of happy-go-lucky dinosaurs. They've gotten more serious in the past decade or so, and now many of their features are straight news about things like Nicaragua, prison lockdowns, and assorted civil-rights violations. Occasionally the old absurdity slips out, though, and my favorite part of this issue was the advice column: "Ask Baba Vakian".

From Denise: "It is always nice to look at the floor under the mail slot and see FF. Even if you didn't like my magazines I would like yours. Just when I was giving up on reviews (since most magazine reviewers don't give a very good idea of what a magazine is about & use 1 or 2 non-committal words that wouldn't interest anyone in sending away for a copy) I can open up my copy of FF and find a few new mags to send for. I appreciate the care you give in finding non-judgemental descriptions." I'm glad to hear that. I feel like I'm walking a fine line between trying to give information and trying to give opinions -- I've had some complaints in the past that I wasn't hard enough on the losers in the pack. How do the rest of you feel about this: are my reviews too easy, too hard, or just right?

PHALLOS Dec. 1984 (\$5/year from St. Priapus Church, 583 Grove St., San Francisco, CA 94102): St. Priapus church runs a gay rescue mission in the SF Bay Area as well as somewhat unorthodox church services. One of the major premises of their variant of Christianity is that "Sex can destroy evil". They frequently run articles on phallic worship, which they claim was an important part of the early church. This issue includes several articles on NAMBLA and a report on the NAMBLA national convention.

PIONEER #300 (\$2.50 or \$5/4 issues from Paul Doerr, PO Box 1064, Suisun, CA 94585): Paul is an old hand in the vonu/survivalist/subsistence farming community and he has put out a variety of publications over the years. This new version "will concentrate on a more personal, how-I-did-it kind of subsistence farm and survival lifestyle of back-country living and what I feel is involved in this"; Paul has land in the country and is working on moving to it full-time. His concerns range from past history to present ideas for farm living to speculations on a future economic collapse.

THE PLAGUE #2 (\$1 & SASE from 1173 Ferry, Eugene, OR 97401): This is a relatively new mail-art network that has been publishing a mix of collage and textual pieces. It's pretty small as yet, with the most interesting contents being some old posters from The Last International.

THE PLAIN TRUTH Jan. 1985 (Free from Pasadena, CA 91123): This is the slick magazine put out by the Worldwide Church of God and it reflects their somewhat unique view of the Bible and its relation to modern life. For example, remember that cathedral in England that was struck by lightning? They say it wasn't God's wrath, because the Brits are the Chosen People (the last 12 tribes) and when God gets pissed at them it will be a lot more obvious than a few lightning bolts.



**You have to prove
yourself to yourself
every day or die.**

PLANET DETROIT REVIEW (37¢ from Kurt Nimmo, 8214 St. Marys, Detroit, MI 48228): This is an afterthought to PLANET DETROIT POEMS (which I haven't seen, but available from the same address for \$2.50). Kurt seems to have forgotten to leave space for the editorial in his other mag so he pubbed it alone. Most of this consists of reviews of little poetry magazines, and he seems to know what he's talking about. In fact, don't read any more of my reviews of this genre, just send for a copy of PDR.

POINT-BLANK 10 (SASE from BDN, PO Box 90312, San Diego, CA 92109): This is the latest in a series of anarchist broadsides, full-page graphic on one side of a sheet with words on the other. The format enforces brevity and the writers pack a lot of thought into a small area. This issue wraps up a continuing series on nonviolent direct action and has an attack on the popular theory that pop-front alliances with other leftist groups can accomplish anything for anarchists.

PC NEWSLETTER 2 (\$1 or \$5/6 issues from Pollution Control, 1725 E. 115th St., Cleveland, OH 44106): PC is trying to fill the gap between small independent music labels and small independent radio stations. They make up packages of promo records and mail them out to interested stations, then report back in print on the airplay received. They also publish record and fanzine reviews.

POPULAR REALITY #4 (40¢ from Shimo Underground, 112½ E. Hillcrest, Eugene, OR 97404): This is a SubGenius-affiliated anti-authoritarian zine. They've been moving more blatantly into anti-politics as time goes on, perhaps looking for more readers, but there is still a strong absurdist element in this tabloid. The major piece in this issue is a reprinted piece by Garry Hannah defending direct action.

POSTWAR (40¢ from PO Box 6613, Fullerton, CA 92631): This is a small pfanzone from Orange County, California: something of an American heartland and home of Dick Nixon. Not surprisingly, the punks there are deeply into rebellion and much of the material in POSTWAR is directed against the Establishment: police, media, courts, politicians, whoever. Some lyrics, some music reviews, a few contact addresses but mostly just a mishmash of youthful rebellion.

POWER FOR LIVING (\$1 from David Roth, 2521 Irving Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55405): This pfanzone seems to have found out they could print photos and gotten carried away with the idea -- let's have some more words next time guys. The major parts of this zine are interviews and comics (and the photos I mentioned); the interviews seem flat, but that may be due to the bands interviewed (SOUL ASYLUM and BUTTHOLE SURFERS).

PV NETWORK NEWS Winter 1984 (\$15/year from Rt. 2 Box 274, Santa Fe, NM 87501): Joel Davidson has turned the editorship of this one over to Paul Wilkins in order to devote more of his time to actually selling photovoltaic technology. With a subscription to the NEWS, you get a membership in the PV Network, which qualifies you for bulk discounts on many solar products. They also publish lots of contact addresses and technical information on setting up and using a solar electric system.

A postcard arrived from Doc with the following Testimonial: "For some time I attempted to find some information on what seemed to be a most esoteric subject. I was even reduced to appealing to the Library of Congress for some sort of help (not forthcoming...as might be expected). Lo and behold: right in the pages of FF#12 I find a SOURCE promising everything I ever wanted to know about my subject. It all goes to show the wide spectrum of the publication's eclecticism...or somesuch." Now, what I want to know is: just what was this esoteric subject?

REAL FUN (\$1 or \$5/6 issues from Constant Cause, PO Box 15243, Philadelphia, PA 19125): This is a new mag attempting to provide a forum for advertisers in the field of bizarre humor -- the sort of people, for example, who like Zippy the Pinhead. There are a few articles on things like Japanese Animation, but for the most part, this is a collection of ads for underground comics, new music, and the like.

SCHMOCK #3 (\$1 from Armin Hofmann, Bulerstr. 5, 7277 Wildberg 1, WEST GERMANY): This is a German pfanzone with an english text. Coverage of the punk movement in Europe, Japan and the US consists primarily of reports on live shows and record reviews. The layout and writing combine to give this a raw-edged and violent look.

SCIENCE FRONTIERS (\$5/6 issues from the Sourcebook Project, PO Box 107, Glen Arm, MD 21057): This is a digest of articles from various research magazines (and the citations I recognize are all reputable scientific journals) with an eye towards things that cannot be explained by the current state of the sciences. Some of the anomalies in this issue: the irregular movement of the North Pole, ball lightning, flocks of whirlwinds and the argument against current evolutionary trees.

SFEAR 1 (The usual from Steve George, 1578 Pacific Ave. W., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3E 1H4 CANADA): This is a new Sfanzone, and, as is somewhat traditional for first issues, Steve explains something of its genesis, running through an amusing list of discarded introductions. Most of the zine is devoted to reviews of SF books and fanzines. The reviews are for the most part nice, since Steve eliminated the lousy stuff before publication.

I got a postcard about the 15th of November: "I have not yet received the FACTSHEET FIVE I thought was supposed to come out in November, on the first or close to it." Yeah, well, it's like this. They really did go out in bulk mail on the 5th of November. By now, I'm getting some feel for how long bulk mail takes, and it ain't quick. If you don't get your PF by the end of the publication month, that's when you should drop me a line. Give the PO about a month.

SMILE 6 (IRCs from Monty Cantsin, 31 Norfolk Farm Rd., Pyrford, Woking, Surrey, GU22 8LH ENGLAND): This organ of the Neoist Cultural Conspiracy is getting a bit confusing because of their ongoing (and quite successful) plan to get all Neoist magazines to use the name SMILE and all their publishers are Monty Cantsins. I think I've been reviewing the same one all along, but you never know. The Neoists are going through the usual steps of establishing an artistic movement, namely issuing manifestos and repeating themselves, but they're somewhat more tongue-in-cheek about it than most artists.

SOJOURNER Nov. 1984 (\$1 or \$11/1 year from 143 Albany St., Cambridge, MA 02139-4298): With the folding of EQUAL TIMES this has become the major feminist paper in the Boston area. Their main concern seems to be the relation between feminism and class analysis; they are thus interested in many issues such as the impact of VDTs on health and the history of women's struggle for equal pay.

SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER Vol. XIII #7 (\$5/year from Rt. 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501): This libertarian zine consists in large part of collected clippings and news reports on the absurdities of our government on all levels. Occasionally they wander off into a subject at greater depth. Currently there's a controversy raging in their letters section over whether the IRS has the legal power to tax our income or not.

SPARE CHANGE (\$1 from Jesse Sump, 2981 Lookout Place, Atlanta, GA 30305): It can be somewhat difficult to describe SC since it is a personalized magazine. The Rev puts into each issue what he thinks is most likely to damage the sanity of the prospective recipient. In any case, my copy of this issue contains a bunch of Kennedy assassination history, a "BIG BOB IS WATCHING YOU" poster, and a few undescribable posterist efforts. This address can be a pipeline to a hotbed of Erisian lunatics if you pass their simple tests.

SPICE OF LIFE CATALOG (SASE from PO Box 10034, Minneapolis, MN 55440): This is a mail-order herbs & spices outfit. Besides offering something like 100 different spices they also have a lot of special blends available in various strengths and a sideline of teas. For the adventurous, you can send them \$6.50 for an order of 13 different things (Ask for "Ricks No-Stress offer").

THE STAR BLAZERS FANDOM REPORT #15 (\$5/year from PO Box 1047, Bellmore, NY 11710): Star Blazers is a Japanese animated cartoon show; such shows have a small but fanatic following in this country. This club and zine is devoted almost exclusively to SB and a few associated spinoffs; if you haven't seen them it's not likely to do much for you. If you have, and you like them, this is the place to find like-minded souls.

THE JONATHAN SWIFT COMMEMORATIVE NEWSLETTER #8 (\$1 or \$5/8 issues from 19 Willow Rd., Lawrenceville, NJ 08648): This little thing is actually published on the west coast but for reasons I don't understand it has a back issue department in New Jersey. Maybe it makes sense to them. The two pages an issue seem to be devoted to a mixed bag of satire, comments on the publishing industry, and SF bike messenger gossip. If that doesn't make sense to you, you try to figure it out, wise guy.

TENTATIVELY, A CONVENIENCE (PO Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203): This sometime Posterist is involved in a lot of projects, some having to do with the SubGenii, some with Monty Cantsin & SMILE (and White Colours, a band associated with them that I forgot to mention), and many unclassifiable. Write and ask for a copy of his proposal for an all-transparency issue of SMILE magazine.

TESTUBE Vol. 4 (\$1 from PO Box 89, Bascom, OH 44809): This is a lot of pfanzone for the money: zine proper, a flexi-disc with two cuts from Reptile House (which sound very professional) and a printout of the 1984-5 Music Data File, a computerized data base of zines, recording companies and distributors. Alas, this is the last Testube in this format (though I think copies are still available). Fortunately, Testube is going to live on as a cassettezine; write for more details. A central node in the efforts to establish an alternative music network.

THOUGHT CRIME #1 (Contribution from PO Box 57104, Atlanta, GA 30343): This is an attempt at a broad-based alternative newszine for the Atlanta area, provoked by the political nonsense surrounding the revival of the GREAT SPECKLED BIRD. The lead article discusses the current political climate in the country and argues for a vote for Mondale/Ferraro (well, it was timely when it came out, I'm just slow). Other news concerns paraquat spraying and the attempts of the Atlanta Peace Alliance to gain access to the public schools.

THUNDERBOW #85 (60¢ or \$6/year from Church of Seven Arrows, 4385 Hoyt St #201, Wheatridge, CO 80033): This church combines several mystical traditions to attain an eclectic approach to ritual magick and paganism. They teach classes in subjects ranging from Beginning Magic to Advanced Shamanism, and the newsletter ranges over such methods as astrology, Tarot, I Ching and ritual magick. They also attempt to digest news of interest to neo-Pagans and keep track of festivals and gatherings.

TWIST: (\$1 from Patrick Gault, 2381 Capital Ave. SW, Battle Creek, MI 49015): Another new pfanzone, this one covers club dates in southwestern Michigan, reprints record reviews ripped off from other pfanzones, and snarks at the administration's politics. Also contains instructions on how to do the twist. Not much here yet, but it might develop.

THE UNICORN Vol. VIII #2 (\$10/year from PO Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN 55408): A pagan zine from one person and one unicorn plus their associates at the Rowan Tree, a school of mysteries. Good source on ideas in herbalism and elemental magick and an extensive list of pagan contacts. They warn that sexual material might be included in some issues but I've seen very little of such.

UPRIGHT OSTRICH Vol. IV #1 (\$3 or \$25/year from PO Box 100787, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310): This is a major networking force in the various areas of Constitutionalist concern, primarily income tax resistance. A lot of leads here to folks who are fighting the IRS through the legal system, together with places you can go to learn a little legal karate of your own. Also in this issue are phone numbers and ideas for a campaign of harassment of bureaucrats designed to get a fellow protester out of the slammer.



URGL-ORP #8½ (SASE from Nicole, 36-2300 Ogilvie Rd., Gloucester, Ont K1J 7X8 CANADA): This is a placeholder issue of this pfanzone, put out to fill the gap over the holidays between regular issues. Nicole expresses her dissatisfaction with all the identical-clone zines out there and charts a new path for UO. Basically, she hopes to concentrate on the politics of independent music, tying in to her own beliefs about animal rights, feminism and social consciousness. I think she's working towards the same idea as LIVING FREE or THE PIONEER, but from a different starting point.

THE VAMPIRE Dec. 1984 (\$2 & 20¢ postage or \$15/year from Linda K. McDowell, 415 S. Douglas Blvd., Tyler, TX): This is another MENSA-mag available to the general public, devoted to the occult (mainly to vampires). This issue is mainly devoted to "true" vampire stories and a short account of the work of the Vampire Research Center.

THE VAST (\$1 from Hitheryon House, PO Box 452, Syracuse, NY 13201): This is latest booklet of collected ramblings from Dave Reissig. Reissig draws links between various metaphysical speculations in the last segment of the book, based on the ideas of Sri Aurobindo, but this is not simply an exercise in pseudophilosophy. The first part, THE OLD IDEAMONGER, is actually my favorite, being a collection of mostly-original oneliners that I find both thought-provoking and funny. Samples: "Wise thinking is basically keeping your balance" and "I want to express my eternal gratitude to the person who invented the pocket."

VICTORIAN VAULT Vol. 1 #2 (\$6/6 issues from White Knight Productions, PO Box 656, Wautoma, WI 54982): Some people are going to class this as kiddie porn, since it seems to be a newsletter for pedophiles. The problem with making that judgement is that the only pictures they publish come from newspapers, magazine ads, and TV shows -- they're only giving wider circulation to images of prepubescent girls that are already present in our society. I don't think there's anything wrong with this, but those interested might want to remember that the Federal government is said to be running a number of "sting" operations in this area.

MICHAEL VODOO (PO Box 57232, Washington, DC 20037): This Posterist has been bombarding me with his productions for some months. I don't know why or what you have to do to receive the same treatment. Most of his stuff is high-contrast collage art taken from a variety of sources, often with an obscene component. Strangely distorted faces are a real favorite of his.

VILE PROPAGANDA #4 (SASE from Gatsby, 181 Union St., Puoghkeepsie, NY 12601): This was a special one-page pre-election issue to encourage folks to get out and vote against Raygun. A lot of pfanzones did such specials and now seem to be in hiding for the next four years. Non-political contents in this one include some zine reviews and a few graphics.

VOX POP #12 (SASE, I guess, from PO Box 8161, Brewster Station, Bridgeport, CT 06605): This free tabloid covers the Connecticut music scene. Mostly reviews of bands playing the local clubs, this one also has a bulletin board for those seeking to form bands and a fair amount of advertising. I don't think it would be of much interest to those outside of the area, but you never know.

VAGABONDING & HOMESTEADING IN MEXICO #2 (\$1 or 15 Pesos from RD #1, Box 297, Shippensburg, PA 17257): The title of this one is pretty self-explanatory. This is apparently being written by a number of folks who have spent extensive time in Mexico. Subjects included in this issue cover importing a gun, how to get medical care, and where to find natural food stores, English language book stores, and yoga classes. More of a travel guide to one area than a vonu publication.

WARNING #12 (\$1 from PO Box 102993, Anchorage, AK 99510): This pfanzone claims to be "Alaska's only alternative music publication", and I see no reason to argue with them. The most immediately noticeable thing is the multi-colored offset printing: red, green, blue, and more. Lots of record reviews but not too many live band articles (but those that are here are excellent). There are also a lot of pictures of relatively clean-cut looking youngsters with skateboards. Also has one of the more active pfanzone letter columns I've seen.

WHICH WAY Vol. 2 (? from Craeftgemot Witancoveyne, Inc., RR #1, Box 601-C, Pompano Beach, FL 33067): No price on this neopagan zine, I'd guess about a buck. This one is a mix of serious magical articles (like "The Thurible") and rambling personal natter from the editor, Janice Scot-Reeder discussing everything from the political climate to growing herbs in Florida. Much information on things like psychic readings and Occult psychology, which are things I'm inclined to take with a grain of salt. If I found myself paralyzed in bed I'd assume too much to drink, not an astral attack.

WHITE PEGASUS #1 (\$1.50 from Denise Gerneth, 2519 Little Creek Dr., Richardson, TX 75080): This is a new apa for roleplaying gamers, you know, the guys who do D&D and that sort of thing. Most of this issue consists of fiction set in D&D worlds, but I thought the best part was the idea of applying Markov chains to fantasy world weather. But then, I'm an engineer.

WHOLE LIFE TIMES #39 (\$2 or \$11.95/year from 18 Shepard St., Brighton, MA 02135): This is a bi-monthly professional "Journal for Personal and Planetary Health". I mention it in FF because occasionally they have good survey articles covering part of the natural foods/anti-nuke/herbal spectrum. This time was a bit disappointing, since they chose to devote major coverage to Jane Fonda's latest publicity push, but on the whole it was still a useful issue.

WHO REALLY CARES #3 (75¢ from Steve Donnelly, 904-B Elmsmere Dr., Gloucester, ONT K1J 7T6 CANADA): This is another pfanzine with a social conscience. It seems to be endemic in Ontario. Anyhow, there are only a few clues (like the skateboards) that this is a pfanzine. Most of it is about things like anarchism, feminism, bio-regionalism and vegetarianism. There are also a few band interviews but the major (and most worthwhile) part of this zine is the overall anti-societal view put across by the staff. A lot of words for the money.

WIGGANSNATCH #12 (\$1 from James Moore, PO Box 20061, Seattle, WA 98102): This zine is mostly a pagan zine with fannish overtones, but it still seems to be searching for an identity. James (aka Lughing Otter) has announced plans to do something different after #13, but no one is quite sure what yet. For the moment it's a collection of poetry, short stories, occasional magickal advice, and an active letter column.

STEVE WILLIS (385 1/2 Irving, Pullman, WA 99163): has a bunch of self-published "folkcomix" for sale. My favorite in the bunch is THE TRAGEDY OF MORTY, PRINCE OF DENMARKE, A four (soon to be five) volume retelling of the Hamlet legend with a few minor changes (like the substitution of a dog for the main character). The whole set goes for \$8 postpaid and somehow manages to be both easily readable and retain a good deal of dialogue from the Shakespearian original. There are also a bunch of other titles available from Steve, which I'll get to in future issues of FF but you can just send him money now if you want to know sooner.

THE WINGED MERCURY MISSIVE Vol. IV #1 (\$5/year from 6020 Piedmont Pl., Lynchburg, VA 24502): This is the personal journal of R. Gary Smith, who is sort of a living network. Gary wanders about the country, dropping in on New Age folks, places, businesses and events, and keeps a running log of his activities. Every once in a while he publishes it along with contact addresses for the people mentioned. In this issue are a Sufi community, someone trying to organize a "W.W. IV peace program", an alcohol plant, and some Bavarian film makers, to name a few.

WONDERLAND #7 (\$2.50 or \$8/year from David Techter, #25-B, 2520 N. Lincoln, Chicago, IL 60614): This is the newsletter of the "Lewis Carroll Collector's Guild", an organization who believe that nudist materials are constitutionally protected and whose interests include the trading of the same. The magazine includes hints on public sources of pictures, movie reviews, accounts of prosecution for child molesting and ads from people who want to correspond or trade photos. To me, the whole thing looks sleazy but not harmful to anyone.

WORDES AND MUSIK 5 (SASE, I guess, from WCBN-FM, 530 Student Activities Bldg, Ann Arbor, MI 48109): This is a small pfanzone from the folks who run WCBN-FM (88.3) in Ann Arbor. I gather they're students, though I'm not sure at which college -- my knowledge of the Midwest is vague (and for me the Midwest is everything between the Rockies and the Appalachians). I don't think the playlists will be of much interest to most of my readers, nor will the radio schedules, but the record & fanzone reviews are pretty good. It looks like they review pfanzones over the air, too.

WORKER'S DEMOCRACY #12 (\$1.25 or \$3/year from PO Box 24115, St. Louis, MO 63130): A socialist publication concerned with building up a base of people who believe in organizing in the workplaces as the first step to a better society. Very concerned with things like nuclear war, Central America, and Dioxin, though they do bring different than usual perspectives to bear on some of these ideas. Thoughtful stuff from the ethical arm of organized labor.

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARTH #11 (The Usual from Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St., Victoria, BC V8V 3E1 CANADA): This is sort of "Garth's mail Digest". Much of it consists of excerpts from letters he has received, many of them commenting on other letters he has pubbed -- why, the poor man's running an apa and doesn't even know it. Also contains th occasional article and sfanzone reviews. The pages are collated in an odd order and some of them are missing, but this may be a subtle joke to go along with the quote from ILLUMINATUS:

THE YOUNG LIBERTARIAN #7 (25¢ from 5214 Palmetto Lane, Fayetteville, NY 28304): This is theoretically the newsletter of some sort of movement of school-aged libertarians, but I am beginning to wonder if anyone is in the movement besides the editor. This issue is devoted to an analysis of the presidential election and why it was such a disaster for libertarians and others who care about small animals.

And now, going back to 'A' again, reviews of things that have come in the mail while I was typing the previous section up. It is possible that one or two of these would have made the BEST list had they been here at the time, but I'm not going to try to single them out.

ABORTED IMAGES #9 (\$2 from Joanna Rogers, 420 London St., Peterborough ONT K9H 3A3 CANADA): This is the most successful MAN that I'm a part of at the moment, 42 pages long in the current issue. Included here are collages apparently from fashion magazines, comic-type art, disturbing sketches, multiple-exposure xerox, minimalist drawings, and just plain Dada. The page with the goldfish swimming around the person's head is most bizarre.

ANOTHER ROOM MAGAZINE, Vol. 3 #6 (\$10/year from 2216 Fifth St., Berkeley, CA 94710): This is a big pfanzone -- we're talking about two feet by three for each page, laid out with the help of a MacIntosh computer. Maybe there was a sale on paper, I dunno. Anyways, they interview Nick Cave and Captain Beefheart and a few other folks, include a quick historical once-over on anarchism, review some records and talk about their own compilation cassette. Unfortunately, I didn't get a copy of the tape, so I can't tell you if it's hot or not. The rest of this is pretty good if you can ignore their tendency to overuse the fancy typefaces from the computer.

DISCUSSION BULLETIN #9 (\$3/6 issues from PO Box 1564, Grand Rapids, MI 49501): This is an apa with all the printing done at one centralized location. It centers around the theories of Daniel DeLeon, who came up with what he called "Social Industrial Unionism", a somewhat esoteric variety of socialism involving the organization of workers into lots of little unions instead of One Big Union (I think). Much of the talk here gets off into specialized jargon, but there are a few patient souls willing to explain things to the confused newcomer.

HIDE #4 (\$2 (MO only) to 363 Queen St., Toronto, ONT M5A 1T2 CANADA): This is a combination of printed pfanzone and compilation tape. The words in the zine hit off of the tape and the tape emphasizes some of the graphics, giving a sort of audio-video feedback. Everything from loud and raucous music to social consciousness in the form of a cruise missile protest. See later in FF for more on the music. But buy this.

JAG Vol. 23 #2 (Available on request from RS Jaggard, MD, 10 East Charles, Oelwein, Iowa 50662): This is a single-sheet Constitutionalists crusade carried out for some years now by a single man. Each issue starts "The income tax is an immoral robbery, stealing from the workers for the benefit of the moochers." Jaggard explains, patiently and repeatedly, why he believes this, why he won't take money from the government, and why the rest of us should emulate him. Well-written and quite reasonable, it's a wonder to me that he wasn't discouraged years ago by lack of progress.

SCAVENGER'S NEWSLETTER #11 (50¢ or \$6/year from Janet Fox, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City, KS 66523): "A marketing co-operative for the sf/fantasy/horror writer or artist with an interest in the small press." The major part of this zine consists of address listings of possible markets of interest to such writers, many not paying, some managing to put out some money. Other features include reports on current writers in the genres covered and reviews of some of the magazines mentioned. Looks like a good reference for someone trying to break into the market.

SIC BISCUIT DISINTEGRAT 6 (The Usual or 1 IRC from Dave Rowley & Joy Hibbert, 11 Rutland St., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, ST1 5JG ENGLAND): I would call this a typical sfzine of the old school SF is not mentioned. Instead, the writers talk about their travels, censorship, Schtupperware parties or damned near anything else they please. This issue is mainly devoted to letters on some of the more controversial subjects in previous SBDs. Considering how cheap an IRC is, this is a good intro to sfzines.

SIDNEY SUPPEY'S QUARTERLY & CONFUSED PET MONTHLY Vol. 5 #1 (\$1.25 from Candi Strecker, 710 Diamond, San Francisco, CA 94114): This is one of my favorite zines, back again after too-long a wait. Candi has her fingers firmly on the pulse of contemporary culture. This being a big subject, she has elected to specialize somewhat: continuing obsessions include Japanese animation & comics, the peculiarities of mass-marketed Christian gospels, and Bad Art. This issue takes a look at the writings of Joe-Bob Briggs along with the usual concerns. Special kudos for the restaurant reviews & drawing of the "I-Don't-Care Bears."

SWILL #9 (SASE from 55 Sutter #375, San Francisco, CA 94104): An occasional publication from those two bon vivants Eldridge Cleavage & Mahatma Propagandi. I can't predict what will be in the next one, but this one has some quickie record reviews (for example, Lime Spiders: "Not bad for a bunch of Australians. Better than their other single") a special "Get Tim Yohannon" full-page Baboon Dooley strip, and a strange article on the Hoodoo Gurus.

THE WHOLE SHMEER #6 (50¢ from the LDFs, PO Box 7742, Salt Lake City, UT 84107): This is a special issue of Utah's best (only?) SubGenius zine. Called "A Week In Zion: the continuing saga of a gentile in a goyish land", this is a collection of stories with which the Rev. Katz (who runs this whole shmeer, if you'll pardon the expression) was bombarded during a particular week. My favorites are "250-pound Cyst Removed from 600-pound Woman" and "Celestial Demographics: Study Doubts Polygamy In Hereafter".

Well, how about that. I'm finally done with reviews for another quarter. Hallelujah! U have a little bit of space to fill here, so I think I'll mention a project I've been considering for a while: the FACTSHEET FIVE reader's survey, which was once again bumped from this issue due to lack of space.

I know that small press surveys usually get little response, but I wonder if my readership is different. Let me list some of the things I wonder about, and the gung-ho among you can write in and answer them. If I get enough responses, I'll summarize them in the next issue.

Publishers: What's your circulation? How much does it cost you to put out an issue? Do you make a profit? If so, how? If not, why do you keep laying out the money? Have you sold any copies due to being mentioned in FF? If so, how many? Are most of your copies trades, sold, subs, or given out for other reasons?

Others: Which FF columns do you like most? Least? What do you think of my reviews? Have you sent for anything I reviewed? How many times? Were you satisfied? Do you know of any other pubs I should review?

PENNED IN

by Shane Williams

Well, sports fans, it's time to tell you who my pick is for the Super Bowl -- yeah, right! Maybe in an alternate universe, but actually it's time for my first annual Best of the Previous Year in Music. I'm not gonna bother with categories listed sequentially, I'm just gonna start spouting off.

The best album of 1984 and one of the best of all time was Zen Arcade by Husker Du (\$10 postpaid from SST Records, PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260). It is probably the first double album ever to come out of the punk scene, not counting The Clash and The Damned who didn't matter by the time they put out doubles (the Damned later partially redeemed themselves). Husker Du used to be known for being one of the very fastest bands. They helped define the genre "thrash". But these guys are no teenagers whose every influence stems from the dawning of punk, like myself they've been grooving to rock since the late 60's, and their latest releases have allowed the psychedelic origins to peek through without blunting any of their intensity.

Also Husker Du have some intelligent lyrics that don't confine themselves to scatology or politics (or aren't those two subjects synonymous?) One last kudo for Husker Du: R.E.M. is a band some of you have no doubt heard of (they've been the critics favorite for over a year) -- well, they've often mentioned Husker Du and the next band I'm going to rave about as their favorite groups.

The Replacements are this other band. Their latest LP Let It Be (Twintone Records, 2541 Nicollet Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55404, \$8 postpaid) is a tour de force, and I've only heard half the album before coming to this conclusion (see last time's column about my inability to get all the music I'd like to). In fact the single off this album that even made the charts in a recent ROLLING STONE, "I Will Dare" is amongst the songs I haven't heard.

But the ones I have are enough to place it on my list of top 5 LPs for the year. They are another group who started their career playing just about every song at top speed. On the new album there is a ballad about the changes an adolescent male has to go through called "Sixteen Blue" -- it might not be punk, but it is "music with heart", a term frequently used to signify anything that is intense and meaningful no matter what the style. My favorite song of the year, "We're Coming Out", is on this album. It goes "One more chance to do it all over / One more chance to get it half-right / We're coming out / We're coming out." I don't know if they're referring to one more chance to put across an album with a modicum of success or what, but it's easy for me to think about it in reference to the one last chance I'll have to fucking enjoy my life when I finally get out of prison this time. The music lends itself to a jubilant sadness, the guitar breaks through all emotions to the visceral survival "announce-that-I-AM-THAT-I-AM" level. A beautiful fucking song.

Yet another fave: He-Ho by Ruin (Price ? from Red Records, 810 Longfield Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19118). Their album manages to combine the best of late 60's Metal (Black Sabbath-y) with 80's hardcore. The vocals and lyrics are top-notch, and for you folk aficionados they cover Leonard Cohen's "The Master Song" and even do the first verse much as he did it on his own landmark LP.

Maybe it's just a coincidence, but another of my top 5 has a Leonard Cohen cover on it. For those who don't know, Leonard Cohen was a rock poet. Slightly more mannered than Dylan he faded quickly from the rock mainstream but he influenced a lot of people. His song "Avalanche" is covered on Nick Cave's solo LP (He was the singer for The Birthday Party). Actually the band is billed as Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds. The album, From Her To Eternity (on Mute records, available in import shops), was reviewed by the NEW MUSIC EXPRESS in England, one of the most hyperbolic of any music zine by the way, as being the most important rock album since Patti Smith's Horses (circa 1975). Well, all I can say is that the lyrics are probably the most evocative poetry to be successfully blended with music since then. If you liked The Birthday Party you should like this, if you liked Patti Smith you should like this, if you like junkie poets you'll like this. Check it out. Catastrophic, man!

#5 on my hit parade is kind of an arbitrary choice. There are a lot of albums I've probably enjoyed this much, but this particular album epitomizes the "hardcore" scene in the way Black Flag once did

and Minor Threat did for a while and the way Suicidal Tendencies does in LA (they also have a great album out but I think it came out in 83). The group, Agnostic Front. The Album, Victim In Pain (I'm not sure where to send for it, but if you're real interested write me via FF and I'll find out). This album is unrelenting hardcore punk rock. These guys are the bad boys of New York, Skinheads who consider themselves punks. They speak out against social injustice but have a reputation for having violent followers (again, like Suicidal Tendencies). The music stands on its own. If you're curious about punk and wonder what it has evolved into since the Pistols fare of '77 then get this. If you like punk and haven't heard Agnostic Front then find it or write me and I'll help you. Listen to "Power" and then try to tell me that they can't comment on a social disease and still use the sickness to feed off of. Their music is power itself.

Well, I could mention countless bands and releases but I'm going to restrain myself and comment instead on some more music publications, some of which I have never reviewed, some of which I've mentioned before, and some of which I probably never will again, but ya never know...

Creem Magazine: Here's one you can find in most convenience stores where teens hang out. It's been around about 15 years and is still going strong. Lots of pictures. It covers a lot of mainstream tastes but often does features that make them look ridiculous. The letter page is filled with sick teens writing in with fanly fanaticism and smartass comments. New music is given mention. There are columns on videos, movies, fashion, what's-going-on-in-England, gossip, etc., etc. All in all I think some archbishop of Sub-Genius is the power behind this. Neat stuff -- every kid who never grew up should read it. (Creem sub. dept., 16.00 for a year & a T-shirt, 120 Brighton Rd., Clifton, NJ 07012)

Flipside: I don't know if Mike will mention the new one or not, but Flipside is, has been, and always will be the best punk rock fanzine in existence Hallelujah! Great interviews, great editorializing (though brief, probably that's why it's so great), long letter pages, special scene reviews, live reviews, mini-album reviews and zine reviews -- and even the best ads from reputable independents of mail order music and bands' own labels so you can buy direct. (Only \$6 for 4 issues, PO Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608)

Ink Disease: Almost a sister publication to Flipside. One of Flipside's staff co-edits it, they use photos by Flipside's editor, I think they share the same printer -- yet they have a definite identity all their own. One major difference is that they print really long interviews with bands and more photos. They also have some punk poetry with xerox-art pages, both being above average. All in all it's great to have them around to take up a little of Flipside's slack since neither one is committed to a rigid publication schedule. (4563 Marmion Way, Los Angeles, CA 90065; \$6 for 4 issues)

No Fun: (Formerly known as Who's Scene Sucks?): Put out by a friend of mine from Cleveland his zine is a photozine that covers the Cleveland scene. It is almost all photos of gigs he has attended along with photos of the kids who attend the gigs. I've seen a couple of other photozines, but most concentrated on the bands only. For a good cross-section of all the people who go into making the scene here is a great zine to look through. Not only that, Steve has a cassette of Cleveland's best bands included in issue 4 1/2 (the current one). For about \$2 (send more if you have it, but that will get you one) you get a 60-minute cassette with 5 bands (Civilian Terrorists, Lurid (my fave), Jippo, Pestilence and The Plague), a regular photozine, a booklet that accompanies the tape, and a free sticker of some hardcore band. Steve puts not only his heart into this, but his time and money too! Talk about up to date: two of these bands were recorded live in December '84! (Steve Daylak, PO Box 448, Lakewood, OH 44107-0448)

End Times: It's been a while since the last ish came out -- I reviewed it about a year ago this time -- but I've got to hand it to Craig, he remembered that I'd written begging him and he came through when this came out. In case you don't remember from my last review, Craig isn't afraid to be controversial and he likes to print a few letters each ish to stir things up. In this ish he defends provincialism or, as I would call it, localism. He says that though punk is more popular in numeric terms it is less a way of life, and the only way to restore the meaning is through communities of committed people supporting each other. Two great interviews this ish, one with Ron Asleton, former Stooge who seems to hold half a grudge against Iggy and says the new bio is BS, and who has been playing with Destroy All Monsters for a while. The other

interview is with The Necros, one of the very first Midwest hardcore bands who have now been around 5 years and who have matured both musically and in social sophistication. They are one of the most interviewed bands lately, and always saying something new, especially Barry, the singer, who seems to be disenchanted with some of hardcore's mindless minions. (Send a buck & stamps to Craig at 3645 28th St. SE Dept. 184, Grand Rapids, MI 49506)

Option: This is a brand new magazine I just got the promo material for so I want to go ahead and share the hype. Unfortunately, the promo does sound like a lot of hype, but this will probably be a worthwhile magazine anyway. It is the phoenix supposed to rise from the ashes of OP, the independent music magazine put out by the Lost Music Network that published "alphabetic" issues and just ran out of the alphabet. These guys are calling themselves Sonic Option Network, and the pitch is buy now and get one ish free, plus get a subscription for a friend at half price, a pretty good deal. Hopefully they will be just as trustworthy as OP in disseminating tons of info on every style music imaginable that doesn't have major label support, from punk to polka. (\$12 for 1 year or \$18 for you and a friend to Option magazine, PO Box 491034, LA, CA 90049)

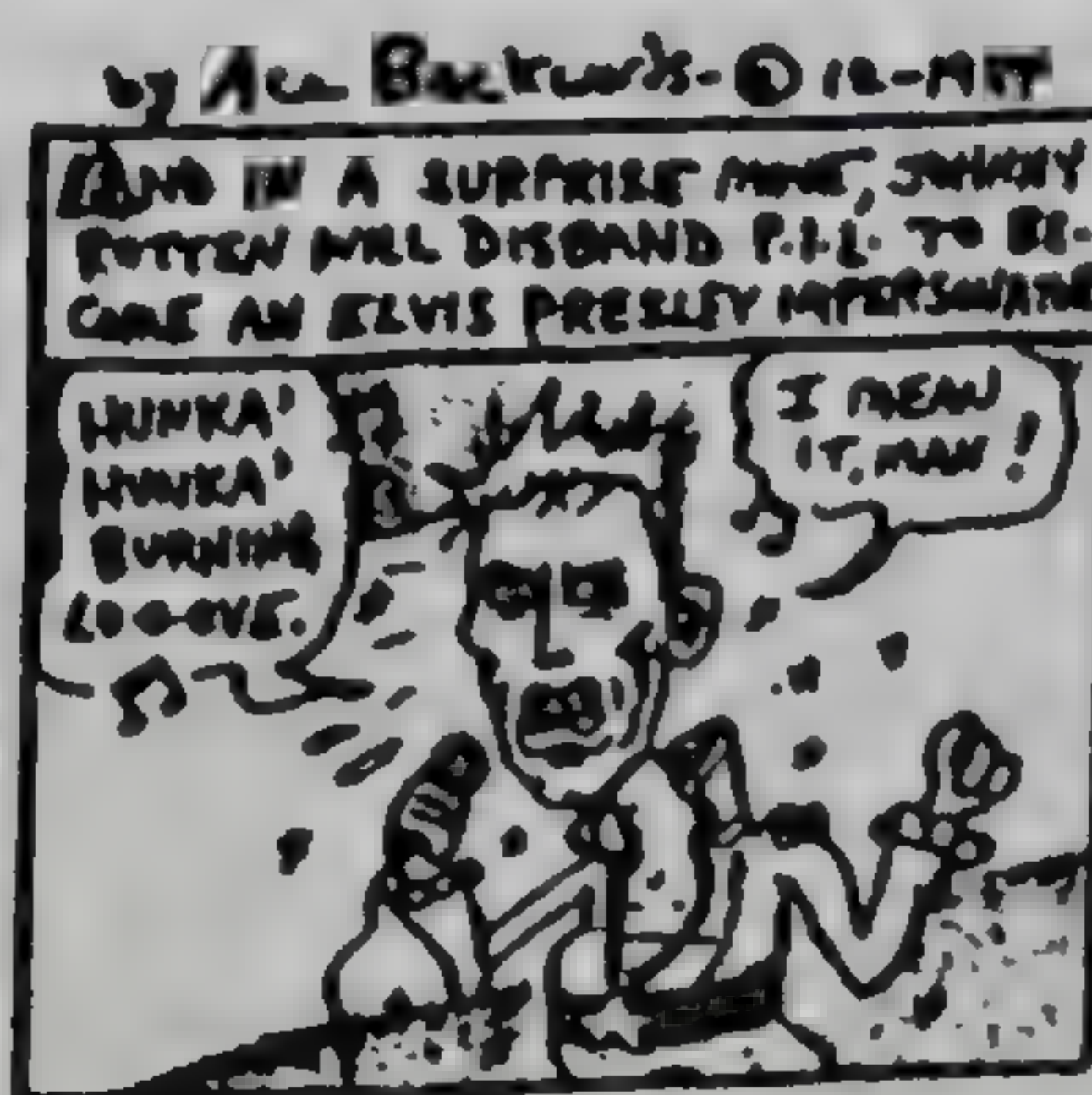
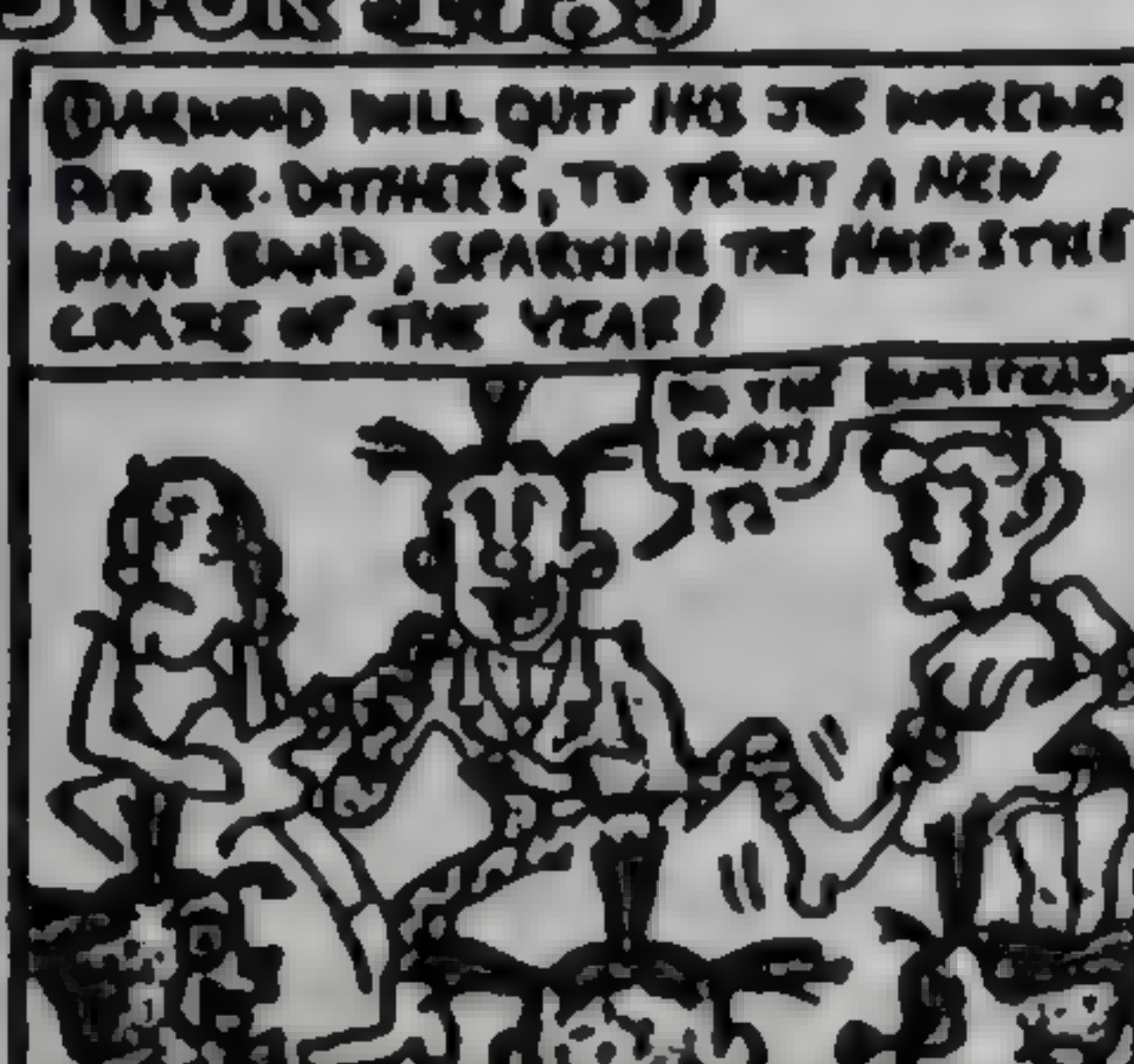
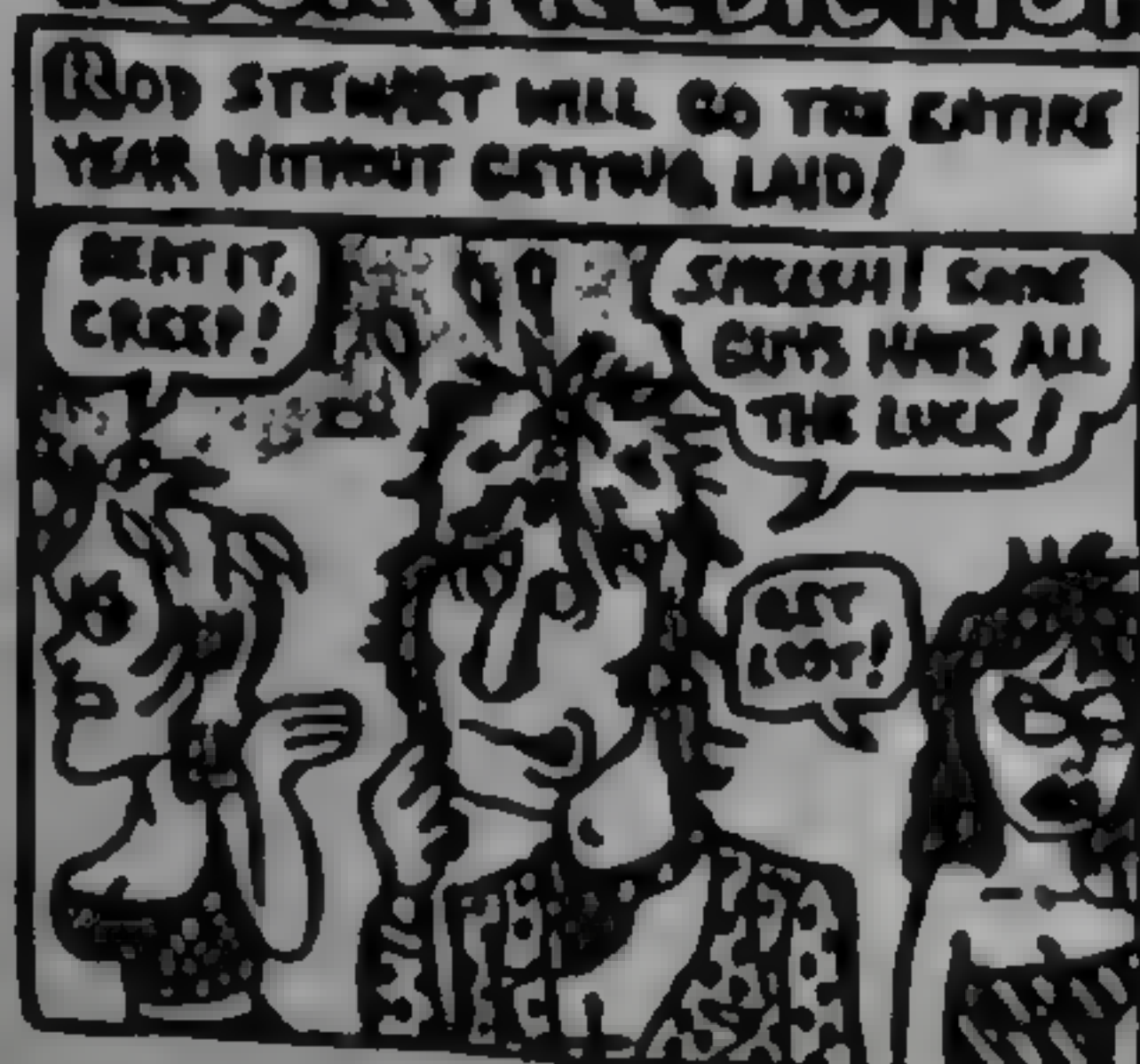
The Disgorge: Here's one that I gave short shrift to in my last reviews column. Let's just say that I really did attempt to review it months after having read it the first time, so when I skimmed it I didn't pick up on the positive points and I did notice the info/propaganda on the V5, who I'm down on. It turns out that they printed that as a news service type thing, but the zine is not political at all. They cover the broad spectrum of new music in Seattle. Issue 3/4 (a combined issue) is also much more pleasing to the eye than the early issues. A real pro job by people who care. Lots of photos, reviews, interviews--they highlight local groups but cover all forms of new music, gloom, wave, horror and definitely hardcore. Get this one (\$1 & postage to PO Box 2901, Renton, WA 98056)

Warning: This one I saw for the first time courtesy of Mike our friendly editor. It is right down my alley, a skate punk zine out of Alaska. Actually, I don't skate a lick but when they show 15 punks with boards as a paid ad for the local skateboard shop you gotta figure these are the "skate punks" of Alaska. But what do I know? Obviously Anchorage is a pretty large city and there is more going on than might be expected. This zine brings you up to date on it, plus it has some of everything: zine listings, reviews, interviews, xerox-art, poems, letters, ads, even a history of skating in Alaska. Worthwhile zine. (\$1, PO Box 102993, Anchorage, Alaska 99510)

The Front Page: Just a couple page newsletter put out by Duane Dinham, who just recently gave up his position as DJ at the alternative rock station at Kansas U. His specialty program was MONDAY NIGHT THRASH, all hardcore, but he loves lots of kinds of rock and the newsletter covers them all. Garage, blues, horror, etc. Good succinct reviews. His "best of" list looks a lot like mine. A stamp or two should get this one. (820 Canterbury Ln., Lawrence, KS 66044)

Primitive Noise: Another long-awaited issue from Barry "I'm a fishin' punk and a skate punk" Skepe. He and his two brothers were in the historic band Negative Element with songs like "Elmer Fudd" and "Pillsbury Doughboy" and more. Now they're all involved in zine work as well as band-hopping, their latest aggregation, The Unaccepted, having taken a sabbatical until summer. Barry favors humorous short interviews, reviews of the few promos he gets, reviews of wierd shit like phone calls he got and people he knows -- hilarious stuff. (75¢ to Primitive Noise, 104 Greenbriar Ct., East Peoria, IL 61611) ((At the same address is Gazelle Gazette put out by his brother. It's a newsletter. Send a buck and get both including a TV quiz that could win you a free album.

ROCK PREDICTIONS FOR 1985



Killer: I just got ish 6 and a new one is in the works. This is a great zine that concentrates on the nowave-type punk-industrial cross-overs. It's put out by Thurston of Sonic Youth fame. For the musically sophisticated and surrealistically inclines (some of his prose is quite Burroughsian) this is a fucking must (A buck & a stamp to 84 Eldridge St #5, New York, NY 10002).

Jet Lag: Coming out of St. Louis this mag has more info on rock than ROLLING STONE's all-music sister publication RECORD. This is a good buy and features lots of coverage on individual bands, articles that aren't quite interviews or reviews but a critical compilation, making this more "written" than the average punk zine. Naturally there is plenty of info on what is going on in St. Louis, but most of the bands with their own articles are of national status like in this ish: Del Fuegos, TSOL, PIL, Let's Active and even the polka punks Brave Combo. (A buck and postage from The Mailman Bldg, 8419 Halls Ferry, St. Louis, MO 63147)

Swill: Comical collage, comical remarks, Bay Area gossip, brief but serious music reviews. Quite a zine for the price of the stamps it will cost you. (Send a stamp to 55 Sutter St. #375, San Francisco, CA 94104)

Puddles of Blood: A short skate punk zine with record reviews and pix of local skaters. Well worth it for a couple of stamps. (2980 Erie Ave, Cincinnati, OH 45208)

My Awe: Small xerox zine with poetry, neat art, and gig reviews. A couple of stamps to 1501 NE 102nd St, Seattle, WA 98125

Last but definitely not least: Bronze Records, who sent Mike and I some promo stuff on Motorhead. They are an uncompromising heavy metal band who play as fast as punks and mean every note of it. Write to Bronze Records at 14 East Fourth St, New York, NY 10012.

Bronze is the first to promote their output via FACTSHEET -- don't let them be the last. All cassettes should be sent directly to Mike but they'll all be reviewed by one of us (or probably both) in the next PF after they arrive. Mike will get them to me somehow -- don't try to send them direct.

Talk to you next ish, and like Flipside says: Be more than a witness! (They're trying to set up a fanzine convention!! Write to them about it!)

Mike here again. I'm going to take space on this page to mention a few other musical things that have arrived in my mail of late.

The first is a catalog from Moby Music (14410 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91423). Looks like about seven or eight hundred records and tapes for sale; domestic new releases at \$7.99, Imports at \$9.99, cutouts all the way down to 99¢ (if you'll stoop to buying a Bay City Rollers album). Just glancing over a page I see Chaka Khan, John Denver, Butthole Surfers, Tommy Shaw and Lethal Gospel -- "eclectic" may be the word I want, overused though it is in this publication. Send 'em a couple of stamps for the catalog.

Even better than that, Placebo records sent copies of two of their new 45s (\$3 each from PO Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063). These are both 4-song EP's:

MIGHTY SPHINCTER: Even apart from the fact that they manage to spell their own name wrong in a couple of places, I didn't think much of this on my first listen. After another play I still don't like their lyrics (at least, not the parts I can make out), but the music itself gets a bit better: loud, raucous, and hardcore. I suspect that to get the full value out of this music, one should do acid, go to a live show, and stand directly in front of the largest speakers in sight.

THE ZANY GUYS, PARTY HITS VOL. II: This one, on the other hand, I would buy a copy of if they hadn't been nice enough to give me one. The Zany Guys are a bunch of Phoenix locals who range over a lot of different styles, at least four of them on this EP. The cut that I really like is "Hardcore", a country/western-hardcore song with plenty of cowboy whoops in the background, excellent combination music, and well-done vocals.



Who is the man walking in the Way?
An eye glaring in the skull.

—ECCO—

THE GLARING EYE

ROGER STEWART

When it comes to comics, Dave Stevens' *THE ROCKETEER* has it all: It's fresh; it's exciting; it's incredibly well-drawn! And its publishing history is a tangled mess.

In case you didn't bother to pick up the second issue of Mike Grell's hackneyed space opera *STARSLAYER*, back in early 1982, you probably missed the debut of Stevens' little masterpiece. *THE ROCKETEER* continued as a back-up feature in the third issue of *STARSLAYER*, and then the guys at Pacific Comics realized they had a hit on their hands. (It's funny that big-time comic book editors can't see things like that right off.) Pacific stepped up the ad campaign on the buzz boy and gave him the lead position in their new comic, *PACIFIC PRESENTS*. Many a fan who picked up that "first" issue of *THE ROCKETEER* must have been a tad disconcerted to find themselves plopped down in chapter three. *PACIFIC PRESENTS* ran for two whole issues before Stevens fell so far behind schedule that they had to drop the *ROCKETEER* logo from their cover and schedule something else. By the time Stevens got it all together for the final installment, Pacific had gone on the skids financially. Further delays ensued. Eventually, Pacific sold a truck-load of their titles to Eclipse Comics; and Eclipse recently published the "first" issue of *THE ROCKETEER*. Which is actually the last installment. Get it?

What makes this situation so regrettable is that *THE ROCKETEER* is some of the finest comic art and storytelling to come along in years. Stevens' work actually compares favorably with the best of such all-time masters as Lou Fine, Bob Powell, and Frank Frazetta. And a lot of people probably missed it! The obvious solution is to publish a graphic album, putting the whole thing together for the first time and making it available to a wider readership. This is just what Dale Stevens wants. He would like to see it distributed in Waldenbooks and B. Dalton. Stevens had originally tried to negotiate a deal with Marvel for just this, but the inside dope has it that Marvel is trying to screw him around. No big surprise there. Will he turn the project over to Eclipse? The problem there is that Eclipse is not, at this point, set up for distribution into the book store chains.

So *THE ROCKETEER* continues to be tied up in publication problems. Nevertheless, you can be certain that it is destined to be hailed as a classic of comic art and storytelling. *THE ROCKETEER* recaptures the feeling of the pulps and comics of the 1930's, and does it better than 99% of the originals. Do yourself a favor and look up those old copies of *STARSLAYER*.

FUNNY BOOKS ??

by Steve Chaput

My Lady Love tells me that it is in poor taste to begin a column with a lot of auto-biographical data that nobody is interested in anyway. She says that my work should speak for itself, and anyone interested in me can always write. Okay!

Naaaah! On second thought a little history might put some of my rambling style in perspective. So briefly here goes...

I've been reading comics for over twenty-five years now (give or take a year, and you'd be better off adding a few) and I've had a taste of just about every genre that the American comic book companies have thrown at us. Funny animal, teen-oriented, super-hero (the most prevalent for most of us at this time), war, barbarian, SF and Westerns (ever a weakness for me, with hardly a way to get a fix except with old Dell/Gold Keys). Most of that time was spent in happy oblivion to the thing known as "fandom" and, of course, (TA DA) The Price Guide! (Ah, if we could but return to those Golden Days of Yesteryear!)

By the early seventies I had discovered fanzines, comic conventions and (TA DA) The Price Guide. All was lost and there was no turning back.

It all started out innocently enough with just a letter to a fanzine...The printed it!!! I saw my name in print for the first time outside of a High School newspaper and poetry magazine. It has been down hill ever since. More locs, more cons, stacks of reference books on artists and reprints of comic books and strips. Then the big step, my own fanzine.

Sure it was only an apazine but it was about comics. Soon there was a second on Fantasy & SF, and then a third that even talked about (gulp) politics and music!

The fanzines are gone now, but the need to drivel on continues and Mike has made the serious error in judgement (and taste) of allowing me entry into FF.

First off, a farewell to my fellow comics fan, Bob Gillie, who did such a nice job here before me. In spite of some differences (mostly on my part) I did enjoy his column and hope to be reading some more by him (here or elsewhere) in the future. Take care, guy!

Now to business...

Is anyone out there seriously reading MARVEL SUPER-HEROES: THE SECRET WARS? According to the sales figures that Marvel is crowing about the book is selling in excess of 700,000 copies. Of course, that still doesn't answer my question. Is anybody seriously reading it, and not simply speculating on what may be a "hot" title?

If there is anyone unfamiliar with the book let me briefly try to explain the plot (perhaps that should be "plot"): About a dozen Marvel heroes (big draws like THE AVENGERS, X-MEN, SPIDER-MAN, and THE FANTASTIC FOUR) are mysteriously brought to another time/dimension/planet by a character called THE BEYONDER, where they are forced to fight a group of villains, some biggies (DOCTOR DOOM & DOCTOR OCTOPUS) and a string of second-raters. During the course of the fight all sorts of "neat" stuff happens which is supposed to "change the face of the Marvel Universe forever" (Yawn). Some of the changes include SPIDER-MAN's costume, a "new" SPIDER-WOMAN, and the departure of THE THING from the FANTASTIC FOUR and his replacement with SHE-HULK.

Now that I have you on the edge of your seats I'll let you in on a little secret: with the series just about 3/4 complete most of the changes that take place have been reversed by the writers in the characters' original books! Great suspense builder, huh? SPIDER-MAN is back in his original costume, THE HULK's wounds have already healed but he has lost his mind (or rather Bruce Banner's mind) and been sent off to another reality, while THE THING remains on this other world but is within an issue or two of returning himself (Good-bye, SHE-HULK!).

WHY??? Profits, I'm afraid, clear and simple.

MARVEL (the Good Ol' Bullpen) has made a killing with the comics themselves, plus the selling of merchandising items (dolls, costumes, games). The series itself is poorly drawn (at best) and the writing (if one can call it that) is by far the dullest thing that Jim Shooter (who just happens to be Editor-in-Chief and vice-president at Marvel) has done in his years in comics.

Hey, guess what? DC has recently announced something called CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS in which "changes" take place in the DC Universe and "some heroes are killed". Hot damn! Where's that extra cash I had stashed...?

If you haven't picked up Marvel's POWER PACK, you are missing a sure thing in entertaining comics, especially if you have young kids or remember what it was like to be one.

Four kids, none of them older than eleven, are given super-powers by a dying alien. Cliche, no doubt, but the writer, Louise Simonson and artist June Brigman have brought a sparkle and joy to this comic that has been missing in super-hero comics for years. The kids act so much like real kids (both women are mothers themselves and they bring that touch of reality so often missing), that you feel the joys and pains that they experience. Give it a try and see if I'm steering you wrong.

Another book that I really must recommend is E-MAN, from co-creators Joe Staton and Nic Cuti. Harder to find than a lot of books, as it is only sold in specialty shops (and a few Waldenbooks), E-MAN is well worth the effort to find as it is probably the best super-hero satire

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on the stands today. Granted there isn't much in the genre, but this one has enough comedy in it to appeal even to those who don't get all of the "inside jokes" scattered throughout.

Before wrapping up my first (and, I hope, not last) column, I'd like to invite comment (either pro or con) from anyone out there regarding this column and its place in FF. Should FF even have a comics column? Is anybody really reading this stuff, or is Mike using up valuable space for no good reason? I (and I'm sure Mike) would like to know.

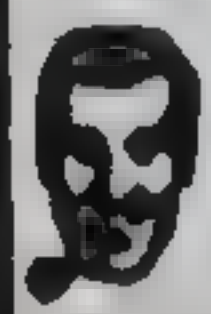
Would you people like to hear me rant on comics in general, or do you simply want my reviews of comics (issues and series)? Also, to be discussed a bit in my next column (if there is one): Do comics deserve to be reprinted & why do all the reprints look so bad on shiny paper?

Comments, comics/comix/zines & anything else legal can be sent to: Steve Chaput, USS Butte AE-27, FPO New York, NY 09565 and they should get to me, now somewhere in the Eastern Med.



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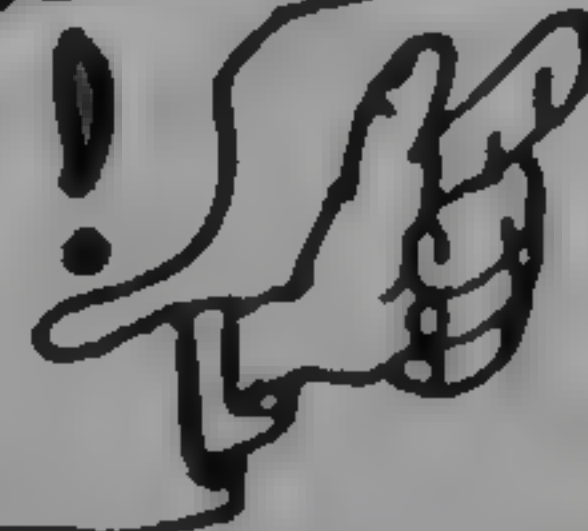
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NOTES OF A NEON GRINGO

by Kerry Wendell Thornley

When people began using the cant language to give me a castration complex, one of my responses was to say, "Why not take all of me?" "He who is not afraid of the death by a thousand cuts can overthrow the empire", etc

Richard Segovia, at the Record-Ledger, found this an enormous source of pressure on him, they say, and never forgave me for it. He, they say, is loyal to Nixon whom, they say, is loyal to the Jesuit Matriarchy.

This excruciating conflict between no more secrets and the Permanent Universal Rent Strike continues. Only one credible explanation has been offered, the assertion that NASA and the Russian Space Agency are controlled by landlords, that the laser beam weapon is already developed and installed in satellites and this means land reform movements are being terrorized -- for the eventual purpose of exterminating two-thirds of the planet's population. Therefore, it is being argued that secrecy and mind control remain necessary for changing this intolerable situation within the space agencies. I've suggested softening them up by sending them "care packages" of dead babies, since the corpses of starved children are in ample supply and many people who aren't moved by reading statistics respond quite dramatically to tangible manifestations of what the same figures indicate

In any case, I think breaking land monopolism is essential, although I'm still unconvinced that conspiracies and mind control are the only instruments that would work. Even though my own priorities -- as worked out in the past in ignorance of this alleged situation -- favor individual rights over economic rights and economic rights over state abolition, I cannot help but notice that suppressing free expression for the benefit of landlords also includes the usurpation of individual rights. So, if worst comes to worst, I'd support conspiracies and mind control against the racist mass-murdering authoritarians in the space agencies and landlord employers, although I'd keep searching for strategies that weren't as drastic.

Racial genocide is the worst problem in the world at this time -- worse than it was in Germany under Hitler in terms of the amount of victims -- worse than pollution, central banking and war or non-absentee control of the workplace. In the long run, destruction of the ecology could cause more deaths. At this time, though, the millions upon millions of murders that are occurring are being caused by absentee landlordism in the Third World. So this problem needs to be dealt with -- and there are no logical gymnastics I can think of that will rationalize ignoring it.

Since the Permanent Universal Rent Strike is a secret -- that being the gist of the problem -- it seems to me that there isn't ultimately a contradiction between opposing landlordism and no more secrets. What we are confronting is a situation in which landlords temporarily have the upper hand because of a technological advantage: a death-ray laser beam, and a strangle-hold on NASA -- a political advantage. Neither situation appears to me very stable. New technological breakthroughs or a coup within the Space Agencies could reverse the situation.

Meanwhile, in the field of ideas, where it is possible for everyone to work, the simplistic notion that high levels of population constitute, ipso facto, overcrowding, is the myth that sustains them. Without it, they couldn't obtain the compliance and cooperation that sustain their tyranny. So that is the weak point in their ideology to whittle away at.

1) Poverty is the single greatest contributing factor to high birth rates;

2) Land monopoly is the greatest single cause of poverty in the world;

3) In the absence of land monopoly, there would -- even at present levels of population -- not be any overcrowding in today's world. (Regarding this point see the arguments of Harry Pollard at the Southern California Henry George School);

4) Ergo, two-thirds of the world's population is being exterminated deliberately for no reason except, when you strip away all the bullshit, racial prejudice; they are all Africans, Asians or Latin Americans.

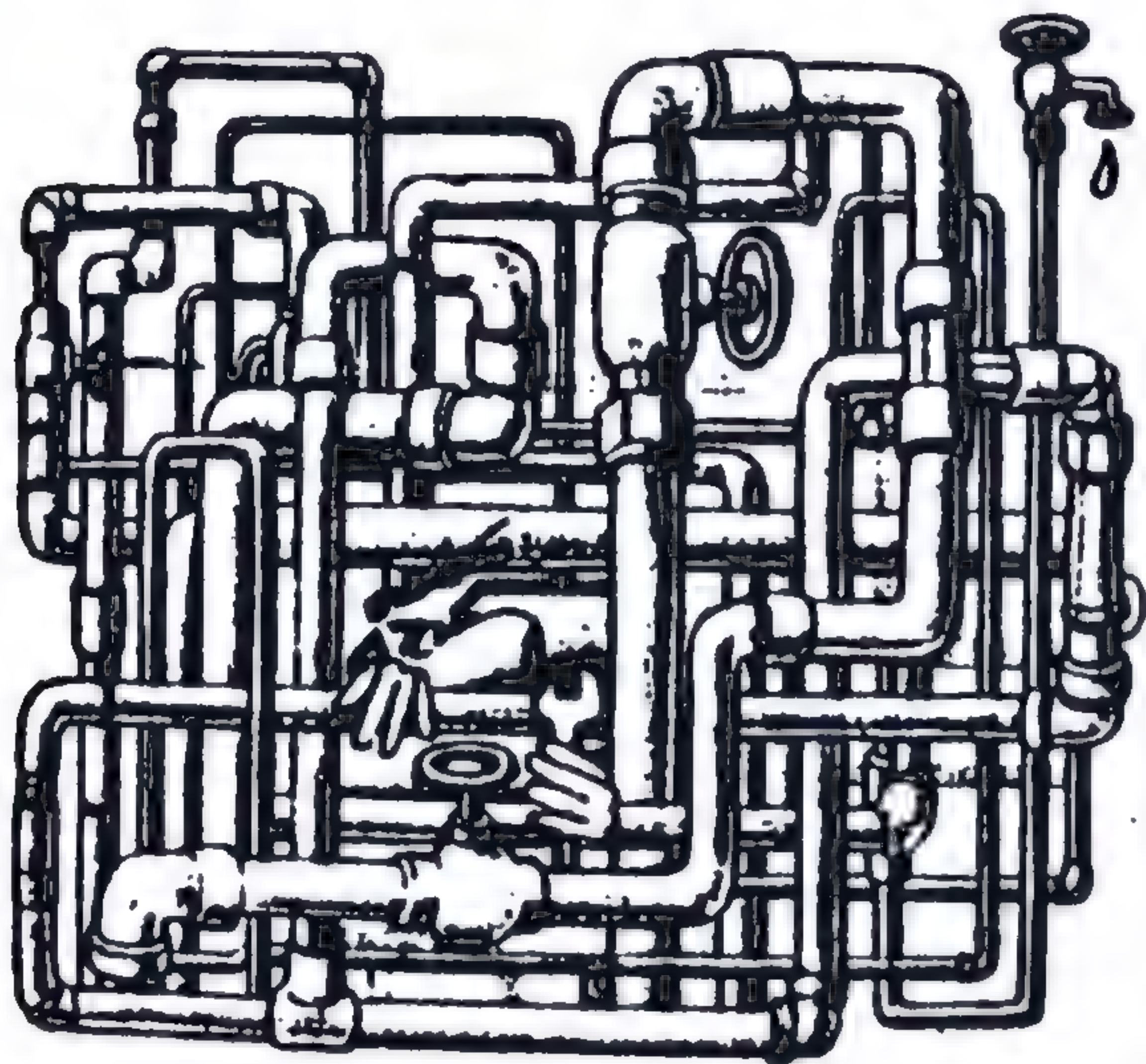
Another way of looking at it: the Neo-Nazis that caused the Viet Nam War in order to spare a predominantly Castilian Caucasian Cuban regime the ordeals of invasion continue to dictate world events.

They have, of course, been in the same position since at least the end of WWII, when John J. McCloy -- later a member of the Warren Commission -- pardoned Alfred Krupp very much as Gerald Ford was later to pardon Richard Nixon. (Gerald Ford was also a member of the Warren Commission, incidentally). These people have been employing the same strategies for decades, because no one has ever caught on to them.

Krupp was condemned as a war criminal in the presence of damning evidence. The court at Nuremburg sentenced him to confiscation of his industrial holdings. McCloy protested that depriving someone of their -- to use his exact words -- "personal property" (!) was unAmerican. So Krupp was let off the hook, whereupon he began trading with the Russians and Krushchev announced his policy of "peaceful co-existence" with the West, also striking Krupp from the USSR's official list of war criminals.

Ever since then the exact same thing has been going on. Nazi programs for eradicating the "inferior races" have continued without interruption.

Sunday afternoons in Little Five Points remind me of Sunday afternoons in the French Quarter which always makes me think of Sunday afternoons in North Beach and Greenwich Village which I imagine are like Sunday afternoons on the Left Bank. Anyway, they are of their own mood, and are only found in neighborhoods where there's what Simon and Garfunkle called "culture" (with a Bronx accent). Everybody's just waking up and trying to as imilate the experiences of the weekend -- the raw materials of painting, music and writing. It is almost like a religious ritual



wherein significances of extremely subjective sensory in-puts are formally absorbed. Everyone is slightly more subdued and introspective than usual. Sunday afternoons in the Bourbon House were even called something -- namely, "Sunday afternoons in the Bourbon House". No one ever mentioned Saturday nights or Thursday mornings or Wednesday afternoons or Friday nights in the Bourbon House -- for they were all the same, plus or minus a few tourists. Only Sunday afternoons were recognized as qualitatively different -- to be singled out from all other times of the week and explicitly mentioned.

So anyway, it's Sunday afternoon at the Pub and I feel at home.

I haven't basically any problems that figuring out how to make \$50 more a week wouldn't solve. So I should keep reading the Help Wanted section, I guess, or take a look at the writers' magazines. If I go to Cara's every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and type, I can get some material into salable shape. Only problem at this time: I'm writing for Fnord Generation Publications that don't pay anything. One of these mornings I should also go get a library card. Things are yielding to my efforts, anyway. Everything's much more the way I want it -- in my life -- than it was a few weeks earlier. It just isn't quite time to relax yet.

Of course if I wasn't paying rent I wouldn't have to be figuring out how to make more than minimum wage. I always notice that, if I pay too much attention to it, though, I wind up living somewhere like under the Lullwater Bridge, not working as a result -- and then I'm in the same shape I am now, with a little more spare time and a little grungier. That's okay once or twice every five or ten years. Like anything else, though, it gets old -- and your social contacts become limited.

KERR WENDEL

STARS ON ONE

by Anni Ackner

I'm not entirely sure how this came about -- as I recall, I had been giving forth rather volubly on why musical comedy in America was not worth the \$45 they charge a person to see it (and, incidentally, though I don't normally chat with you about the theatre because, while this publication goes out all over the country, Broadway generally doesn't, the ghoulish among you who happen to be in the area might be interested in having a look at Yul Brynner attempting to drag himself yet again through THE KING AND I. This is especially recommended for those who got real pleasure and enjoyment out of Mohammad Ali's last few bouts, and brings up several thought-provoking questions about Aging With Grace, and Quitting While One Is Ahead, none of which I am in any way qualified to answer), and one thing led to another -- but the other evening my friends Jill and Steve and I found ourselves having a fairly impassioned discussion concerning the most abysmal movies we had ever seen.

Now, you must understand that by "most abysmal movies" we were not talking about movies that everyone concerned knew were awful to begin with and were, in fact, supposed to be awful, that being part of their charm (into which category we placed all Kung Fu films, 95% of that variety of Western filmed in Italy, and anything starring either Clint Eastwood -- with the exception of CITY HEAT -- or Chuck Norris), nor were we discussing Movies So Bad That They're Good, Or At Least Funny (little gems like PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT, or my own personal favourite, CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON), nor yet did we concern ourselves with that sort of mild-mannered mediocrity that passes as tolerable entertainment among the type of people who have made ceramic unicorns with hearts around their necks such a hot item (ROCKY, THE SOUND OF MUSIC, anything containing Burt Reynolds -- with the exception of CITY HEAT -- Goldie Hawn or an adorable doggie). No, what we had in mind were the Real Stinkeroos, those movies made in deadly earnest by directors with visions of Academy Awards dancing in their heads, and \$500 million budgets, that somehow, for one reason or another or ten, miss the mark by at least 60 feet; movies so patently dreadful that they cause one to groan and weep into one's popcorn; movies that force on into having long, involved conversations with teenaged ushers in the lobby rather than seeing the film in question to its conclusion (and I don't know about you, but I always seem to go to the movies in the company of someone who insists on seeing any movie, no matter how soul-wrenching, through to the bitter end. All the ushers in the Stanley Warner 10-plex on Route 17 know me by name); movies that, for want of something more interesting to do, leave one attempting to figure out the cost of the leading lady's wardrobe; movies that one won't even watch on Home Box Office when the only alternative is BATTLE OF THE NETWORK STARS -- in short, movies that, as Walter Kerr once put it, in a slightly different context, "give bombs a bad name". You know: garbage.

Well, as I'm sure you're all perfectly aware, there is nothing quite as satisfying or amusing as trashing something that took a Famous Stranger (or, preferably, a whole host of Famous Strangers) five or six years to accomplish, and we went on in this fashion all the way through several plates of chow fun and most of SIXTY MINUTES, and it occurred to me, somewhere in the midst of it all, that this particular subject would make a simply dandy column. After all, I'd already done one on really good movies -- logic, fairness, and my own sense of self-preservation seemed to dictate that I ought to do something on really bad ones as well. Besides, deadline was rapidly approaching and the only other idea that had suggested itself to me at that point was a complicated apologia concerning why I think Mike Wallace has lousy taste in ties -- a topic of endless lucid, or even coherent.

And so, after a careful consideration of the options (which seemed to involve staring at Mike Wallace's neck with rather more intensity than I might usually like), I have decided to present a nicely comprehensive list of what I consider to be the Ten Worst Movies I Have Ever Seen, with the proviso, first of all, that it is understood that these are possibly not the Ten Worst Movies Ever Made -- for the simple reason that I haven't seen every movie ever made (though it sometimes feels as though I have,

notably after one of those evenings during which I keep awakening in a cold sweat to discover that I've been dreaming about Dino DiLaurentas again) and, through a combination of luck, perserverance, and playing the odds, have, no doubt, missed some utter dogs. I never got a crack at HEAVEN'S GATE, for instance, nor did I manage to see ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA (either version), and, recently, I have been studiously avoiding DUNE (partly because I never managed to push my way through the book, and doubt that I would have better luck with the film, partly because of a deeply ingrained and totally irrational prejudice against Sting, and partly because I have never been able to stomach any piece of fiction whose major character is God-Emperor of anything. As someone once said, theology aside, God is a lousy part), and from what I've heard about all of them, they rightly belong at the head of such a list -- and, secondly, that it is understood that this is only my humble opinion. In other words, if it turns out that you actually liked any of the following films, take it up with your psychiatrist -- don't come crying to me. Hell, I liked THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP.

The following movies are set down as I happen to remember them, not in any specific order of crudness, except for the first, which is absolutely the most appalling waste of perfectly good celluloid it has ever been my misfortune to get cornered into seeing, and which is called

MANDINKO: This is one of those films that makes one wonder how anybody in the Dear Old South ever found the time to grow any cotton, let alone fight an entire war. It contains, among many other things, rape, murder, sado-masochism, male plantation owners sleeping with male slaves, female plantation owners sleeping with female slaves, infanticide, embezzlement, larceny, and general whoring around in a variety of plain and fancy ways, all of it enacted with the dead-pan hysteria of high school freshmen performing H.M.S. PINAFORE for the P.T.A. It also manages, in the space of something under three hours, and in that muddy, sepia-toned, colour process so beloved of the makers of driver education films, to be offensive to blacks, whites, men, women, Northerners, Southerners, and any horses who might have had the opportunity to see it. I had the opportunity to see it because I had some time to kill one day between one thing and another, and it was raining. I would have been better off getting wet. I would have been better off getting malaria.

THE LONELY LADY: I suppose it can be argued that any movie that contains a graphic representation of a woman masturbating with a garden hose can't be all bad, but, on the other hand, can any movie that contains a graphic representation of Pia Zadora masturbating with a garden hose be all good? To be perfectly honest, I have yet to see this one all the way through -- it keeps turning up on Home Box Office (presumably for the same reason that Z Z Topp videos do) and I keep trying to watch it, but thus far have always run screaming into the kitchen after a certain amount of exposure. 15 minutes seems to be about my limit. Either because or in spite of this little handicap, I have never been able to discern if it has any plot, but it certainly has a lot of Pia Zadora. I mean, a lot of Pia Zadora. I mean, more Pia Zadora than a reasonable person might ever have imagined possible. I mean, no matter what else one can say to describe Pia Zadora in this movie, "lonely" would probably be the last word that came to my mind, if you get my drift. You do, don't you?

(Author's Note: This is Probably as good a place as any to mention that there will be no hard core pornography on this list, not out of any inherent prudery on my part, but merely because I just haven't seen that much hard core pornography, and the little I have seen has given me the distinct impression that there was only one hard core pornographic movie ever made, and they keep showing it over and over again and changing the name. Assuming I'm wrong, and there are enough of them being filmed to make a decent comparison, and you're really interested enough to read it, I understand Al Goldstein does something of the sort in SCREW magazine. I wonder if his mother knows.)

STAYING ALIVE: The only people besides me in the theatre on the day I saw this were The Sister To Whom I Do Not Speak (with whom I had declared a temporary truce because everyone else we knew was out of town), and two Prepubescent Girls. Midway through the film, one P.G. turned to the other and remarked, in the tones of one who has just been struck by a Great Truth, "You know, he isn't so cute after all." She was right, and he isn't, and neither is this movie, which stars John Travolta as that all-around wit, bon vivant, and Dancin' Fool, Tony Whateveritwas, made

so famous in the earlier (and infinitely better) SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER who, in this epic, moves to Manhattan, lands a starring role in an apparently plotless Broadway extravaganza on his second or third day (as, of course, happens all the time, witness the fact that the only way one can get a waiter in nearly any New York eaterie is to yell "Casting Call!"), and makes a complete ass of himself over a Cold-Hearted Broadway Babe, while The Nice Girl From Back Home waits patiently for him to get over it. Realism aside, the acting is wooden, the dancing is leaden, Travolta's shaven chest gleams like a lighthouse beacon on a foggy night, and the whole mess was directed by Sylvester Stallone, which ought to tell you something right there. The Sister To Whom I Do Not Speak, who considered THE ADVENTURES OF THE WILDERNESS FAMILY an art film, went to sleep. At the beginning, I envied her. At the end, I envied Karen Quinlan.

DARK VICTORY: By rights, I suppose, movies made before 1955 ought to be in a class by themselves, as their quality of stinkiness is different from that appearing in more recent cinematic endeavours (as is, for that matter, their quality of greatness, when it turns up), but this one is a hairball by any estimation, besides containing a couple of points of historical interest. Point 1: It is the first recorded instance of what MAD magazine identified as "Old Movie Disease", a mysterious ailment that strikes actresses (usually -- I can't offhand think of a case showing up in an actor) in high-budget films, causing absolutely no symptoms of any kind except a kind of strained wistfulness and the tendency to stare poignantly off into space, until the last 15 minutes, when they mutter something Touching to their loved ones, and expire, wearing beautiful clothes and being sung to by the angels. Point 2: It co-stars Ronald Reagan as a lounge lizard, a role he has been playing ever since, and wearing the same haircut he has been sporting ever since. Aside from that, it's heart-rending as all get out, and stars Bette Davis (who really should have known better) as A Dying Heiress, and a whole castful of the type of actors who keep showing up in the Trivial Pursuit Silver Screen Edition. This is the perfect movie to see if you ever need a clear idea of what killed the studio system in Hollywood.

SOUTH PACIFIC: Musicals should probably be in a class by themselves as well, asking one, as they do, to buy the premise that Grown-Up, Adult People burst into song in the middle of otherwise sensible conversations, and have 20 piece orchestras to back them up (for some reason, this notion works better on the stage than it does in the movies, perhaps because, if one believes what one has been asked to shell out for a ticket, one is ready to believe anything), but this is debatably the worst of the worst. It does not, to do it justice, contain the song with the deathless lines "The girl that I marry will have to be/As soft and pink as a nursery" (at least, I don't think it does. They all run together after a while), but it does contain the delectable "There Is Nothing Like A Dame". Ain't it the truth, brother? It also contains Rossano Brazzi, several stock shots of the sun setting over A Tropical Island, and a veritable destroyer-load of singing sailors. There have been, over the course of history, good musicals; musicals that did not insult either one's intelligence or one's sense of dignity, and which filled one with a sense of wonder and delight (CATS, MAN OF LA MANCHA, CAMELOT -- the staged version, not the execrable movie -- and OKLAHOMA -- see, I can say something nice about Rogers and Hammerstein -- come most readily to my mind, but there have been others). This just doesn't happen to be one of them.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT: As a general rule, I give 10 extra points to any movie that involves John Lithgow in any capacity whatsoever. Going by that reasoning, this one scores a -11. I've written fairly extensively about this particular bit of drool before, and I have neither the heart nor the stomach to do it again, so suffice it to say that, by the last hour, I was rooting for the cancer.



MOMMIE DEAREST: This almost, but not quite, made it to So Bad It's Good status (I was living in Greenwich Village when it was released -- or escaped -- and it got to be rather a cult item on the order of ROCKY HORROR in those parts, with Nice Young Men carrying wire coat hangers to the showings), the only things keeping it from it being its air of calculated sleaziness (So Bad It's Good movies should be absolutely unselfconscious), and the uncomfortable, guilty feeling one gets -- or I got -- when one realizes that what one is laughing at is child abuse. For anyone fortunate enough not to know the story, this purports to be about Joan Crawford (played by Faye Dunaway, and I'll bet she wishes she hadn't) and her relationship with her children, which, to hear them tell it, was only slightly below Adolf Hitler's relationship with the Jews of Europe on the nastiest scale, involving physical brutality, mental cruelty, humiliation, degradation, and a very tight shot of Crawford down on the floor, attempting to strangle her daughter, while the camera dollies lovingly up the girl's dress. The book MOMMIE DEAREST, written by Crawford's daughter Christina, was a thoughtful, well-reasoned, as unemotional as possible account of what must have been a horrible situation, and left one feeling sorry for all concerned. I hope one of these days someone makes a movie out of it.

KRAMER VS. KRAMER: In which Dustin Hoffman proves to the world how politically correct he is, and wins an Academy Award for his efforts. The storyline alone must have had the studio heads, cognizant of the fact that the Sensitive Man was big that year, jumping for joy: A man benignly neglects his wife and small son for several years, while in pursuit of A Career. One day, the wife (who either has the patience of a saint or is very slow on the uptake) gets fed up and makes tracks, leaving him all alone with the small son. The man is, of course, such a clumsy, unknowledgeable bore that he can't even manage to make french toast, but he is well-meaning and, over the course of two unbearably sensitive hours, learns to be both Father and Mother to his son, discovers that Home and Family are more important than Career, and, incidentally, develops the ability to turn out a pretty fair breakfast. Suddenly the errant wife returns, demanding custody of the small son (God knows why. Given the nature of the sprout in question, a sensible woman would have left well enough alone), and gets it, after a heated court battle. Then, in a tearful reconciliation scene, she realizes that the man is a better mother than she is, and gives the custody back. Kiss kiss. The end. Now, apart from the fact that I find it a tad hard to believe that two supposedly educated, modern adults have never heard of joint custody, I really have trouble accepting that I'm expected to appreciate a man for his dedication and sacrifice in raising a child -- taking a less satisfying job because it gives him more time to spend at home, constantly cleaning and looking after and nurturing -- in short, doing what women have been doing, without having medals pinned on them, for the last few centuries. This, when it came out, was hailed as the Feminist Movie of the Year. In case you're curious as to why the E.R.A. didn't pass, there it is.

BEULAH LAND: Another category that deserves its own special list is the T.V. Movie, but this was recently shown on Cinemax in the guise of a Real Movie, so we'll make an exception. Anyway, Jill says that anything that stars Leslie Ann Warren should automatically be included and, while I don't exactly agree with that -- I loved VICTOR/VICTORIA -- this film certainly does its share to add force to the argument. Anything I said about MANDINKO can safely be applied to BEULAH LAND, with the additional comment that BEULAH LAND also tosses in lesbianism. God, it's no wonder they lost.

SUMMER LOVERS (or some damned thing): Jill, Steve, my father, and I all saw this movie, all on totally separate occasions, and none of us can remember the title accurately. My father refers to it as "The Boob Movie" (as nearly as I can tell, my father is as interested in breasts as the next man, but for some reason finds it overwhelming to see them on the screen. Given the frequency with which they show up here, I really can't blame him), and Jill and I call it "That godawful thing with Darryl Hannah", and Steve just broods, but it's about four lissome young people (one of whom is, indeed, Darryl Hannah, in what may have been her first screen role and, in my opinion, should have been her last. After reading several interviews with her, I have come to the conclusion that the reason she was so good as the vacant mermaid in SPLASH was not due to sheer fluke, but simply the fact that she actually is vacant) who spend

the summer pretty much nude on a Greek island, make love in a variety of tepid positions, fight with each other, make love, watch the amusing natives, fight, make love, watch the natives, etcetera, etcetera. World without end, amen. If you can't conceive of sex being boring, have a look at this

Well, I could go on and on in this vein (Dishonourable Mentions included THE GREAT GATSBY, CHEYENNE AUTUMN, CANNONBALL RUN II, GREYSTOKE and SUPERGIRL) but enough, as they say, is as good -- or, in this case, as bad -- as a feast. I don't know, maybe I should have given Mike Wallace's ties another thought. In any event, lest you begin to think I'm a curmudgeonly old So-and-So who doesn't like anything at all (actually, I am, but I'd hate for you to think it), let me just mention here that A SOLDIER'S STORY is everything one could wish for in a motion picture and more, BEVERLY HILLS COP is a pleasant diversion (Jill and Steve thought it was a riot, but my unfortunate dislike of Eddie Murphy keeps me from getting any more enthusiastic), and 2010 is lovely, particularly, I suspect, if, like me, you were something less thanwhelmed with the first one. Dash right out now and see all of them, and forget about the dogs -- believe me, those will still be around if you ever decide that you need the lift that comes from knowing that, no matter how hard you tried, you couldn't possibly produce anything that awful in a million years.

Special thanks to Jill Zimmerman and Steve Cozzi.

AGAINST THE WALL

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Doc Adams was on TALK SHOW with well-known host Peter Boyles 7 to 8 AM Constitution day 1984 and 9 to 10 AM October 24th. It was well-established that, indeed, Ohio applied for admission March 3, 1953 and was "admitted" in August. By historic documents. Equally set down was the UNLAWFUL ELECTION OF SENATORS in view of the bogus so-called amendment 17. We talked of the silence of 19 senators in response to their illegal election. Peter read (on the air) the Law Suit started in Ohio by Sam Houton as it appeared in USA TODAY 5/6/84.

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by Garth Spencer

Our Editor wants more "canadian Corner" contributions, so I for one am going to oblige him. First, however, it is in order to ask just what "canadian Corner" is for. The philosophy of fanediting aside, I'm not even sure what Factsheet Five is about by the time I reach the end of a zine. That's how wide-ranging is the cross-pollination and grouping together of worlds, in Ye Ed's pages.

Now, then. What shall I write about? I think it's a good idea to point out some things you may not know about Canadian SF fandom. That may not be your trip, but hey, this has got to be printed up somewhere. Besides, it casts some light on other subcultures.

We begin with Canada, then. Strange country. The important factor (to me) is the distribution of population; the people are mostly crammed into cities, and the cities are mostly crammed into a belt not too far from the southern border. (You know, the one with America on the other side?) As a matter of fact, a lot of Canadian cities are closer to US cities than to each other; and so are fans, and groups of fans.

The early history of Canadian SF fandom is spotty, precisely because contact across the country has been spotty, and so is the transfer of information from one fannish generation to another. There is an excellent man in Toronto, one John Robert Colombo, who among his various Canadian publications wrote Years of Light, a "celebration" of Leslie Crouth, one of the early and prominent Candian fans; Colombo wrote that Canadian fandom tends to be segmented in time and space, one generation of fans from the next, and he was understating it.

This is why, from time to time, some earnest person tries to do a "national" Canadian fanzine, to put fans across the country in contact with each other. I guess this is also why the two latest attempts at a national fanzine have featured columns on fannish history. The latest is mine: The Maple Leaf Rag.

Maple Leaf Rag started in the fall of 1983, when I got good and tired of waiting for Robert Runte's next issue of New Canadian Fandom. The production and layout have improved from an uneven mimeo billboard format to something more like a metropolitan weekly tabloid -- still in 8 1/2 x 11 mimeo. Gestetner can do wonders for you. But the content is still eclectic, and varies a good deal from issue to issue.

There are times when, in sorting out what's happening now in Canadian fandom, and what has happened since the Year Dot, I feel like the executor of an eccentric millionaire's estate; he finds the old man was living in a hovel filled with garbage and 1,000 cats before he died, and all his valuable effects are crammed into a dilapidated warehouse, the haunt for many years of vandals, beer blasts and lovers' trysts.

I suppose it was ever thus. (Taral Wayne MacDonald, in his fan history column in New Canadian Fandom, used the title "Same as it Ever Was." It figures) Everybody who has tried to promote communication among fans, clubs and cons in Canada has put their own interpretation on the quest. Robert Runte was much concerned with promoting a sense of Canadian identity, a style uniquely Canadian both in our written SF and in our fandom. I'm more concerned with seeing that some stupid mistakes don't have to be repeated over and over again.

One of those mistakes, I suppose, is the tendency for a national newszine to depend solely upon the dependability and enthusiasm of one person (the faneditor). I know that a lot of clubs and conventions go down the tubes because of an executive's lack of understanding of group dynamics or financial responsibility.

Some interesting stories have come to light since I discovered fanhistory, a new dimension in historical study. More than one convention has been disappointing, or gone down to financial failure, for any of a variety of reasons. One isolated con on the East coast had strange ideas of what a con was like, and kept charging for items that should have been free, included in the costs of membership. Another, on the West coast, kept getting screwed by the hotel; prices were raised by the hotel at the last minute, so as to extort more money out of the (basically comics) fans. Another con on the West coast had too many Space Cadets on their concom, with grandiose, starry-eyed ideas of what their con should be.

Right now I'm trying to sort out the matter of the Canadian SF and Fantasy Awards. Four people started this award idea in 1981, with the end in view of giving recognition (and publicity) to Canadian SF authors. Last year there was some controversy over how these awards should be handled -- who is a proper candidate? The first award was given at Halcon 2 to A.E. van Vogt (who moved to the States in 1944) by Spider Robinson (who moved from the States to the Halifax area). This year, it isn't clear who's handling the awards, let alone what the rules are for nominating, voting or financing.

This is the Canadian way I hope I haven't given you the feeling this is all depressing. It isn't; fandom in Canada is absurdist! I am living in a science-fiction story by Salvador Dali! Or something.

You will notice that there isn't enough of a time-gap between 1981 and the present to talk about information being lost from one generation to the next. I seem to have happened on another factor: the Teflon mind.

I myself have forgotten 90% of the information I know I read in New Canadian Fandom, through its six-issue run from June of 1983 to the present. What it is, is a failure of memory and communication (two mongoloid twins if ever there were), in which whatever a human being concerns himself with excludes everything else. We don't remember what we're told if it isn't really important to us, right then. I Tefloned off the information about Nils Frome, Susan Wood, Helene Flanders' brutal murder, or the suggested rules of the Canadian Unity Fan Fund.

Now this cannot be merely the way of the world and the flesh. We know what feats of memory were relied upon by Inca messengers and Roman senators as a matter of course. We also know about the disappointing standards of performance of modern high school graduates. Various reasons are proposed for this, but I think it's something in the water.

I don't think it's a sinister plot specifically intended to destroy Canadian fandom...Yet.

I will write again about the further adventures of Garth Spencer in Canadian fandom, unless I receive a massive letter-campaign in protest. If you have information, questions, lascivious offers, or an interest in Maple Leaf Rag (aka the Scott Joplin Ripoff Weekly), write me at 1296 Richardson St., Victoria BC V8V 3E1 CANADA. (Don't write too strange things on the envelope, as my parents are easily shocked.) Other things being equal, you might even want to see my face at V-Con 13. Please remember, I'm unarmed.

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MUSICAL NOTES

by Shane Williams

Forget what I said about being the first to send your music to be reviewed. You'll have to be the second now (actually, fourth, but who's counting? -- Aed.). Out of Toronto we have HIDE, a combination cassette and zine (to come out in this form twice a year for six bucks (money order only) from HIDE, 363 Queen St., Toronto, Ont. M5A 1T2 CANADA).

It seems that back in '81 some of these same folks had a cassette out called URBAN SCORCH -- so this is the URBAN RENEWAL tape -- and I believe that the accompanying zine is a new development and they hope to keep it going in this format. The zine includes more than just references to the tape. This issue also has an interview with Mark of The Fall. For those who don't already know, The Fall has been around in England since '78 or before -- they have a very abrasive but not an industrial sound -- and no two of their releases sound alike except for the tonal quality of the vocals. They don't do many interviews, or at least I haven't read many in American zines. Then again, The Fall has only done two American tours.

There is one page that is like a family tree showing the relationships between the band members on this tape and the one for '81. Lots of incest here. In the back is an interview with Glenn Branca -- the guy who writes "classical" music with guitar orchestration, and also contributes to various minimalist rock ensembles. The guy is an intellectual but not effete -- pretty good interview. The final interview is with Teenage Kicks. It seems that they had a cut on the tape but it was removed. I'm not sure why. They are real young, so young that to them punk is something for the previous generation. They want to do something new. It was bound to happen!

Since this is my first review of actual music sent to us for that purpose I'm gonna give it the song-by-song, group-by-group treatment, though only short comments on each. Before you read any further, suffice it to say that it is a hell of a deal at the price and you should definitely check it out.

The first cut on side 1 is by Fifth Column, a girl group. It is the shortest cut, but it is my favorite cut on the tape. If you like Siouxsie or L' you'll like this. Minimal arabesques of accompaniment with a herky-jerky but sultry vocal delivery. The song's title: "Incident Prone".

Next up is "Don't Get Too Close" by The Deadlines. It is the "surface" that the warning applies to. Ominous drums steadily pounded and scratching guitar chords. Minimal and stark.

Then comes "Suckerman" (lyrics to this included in the paper part) by Believers Voice of Victory. This is progressive rock that reminds me of some of the stuff I liked back then. A little Gentle Giant perhaps. The lyrics are full of irony. The song manages to be both pretty, funny and eerie. Definitely "progressive" not "punk" as far as labels go.

The next song, #4 on side 1, is billed as being by the Dave Howard Singers. It is a parody of lounge music with strummed guitar and audience applause starting it off. The lyrics talk about someone's necrophilia. This is supposed to be a funny song but it is pretty dispensable.

Polkaholics are next -- this is the only band here that I think I'd heard of previously. The song is called "A.M. Mayhem" and starts out with a quicker beat than most of the stuff on here and then branches out to a more quirky style. It could almost be a modern-day Bowie song, with the unique lyrics and the up-beat soul sound. Not bad.

Potential Propaganda have the next cut, "I'm Waiting For No Ones Ark" -- a female singer with some kind of harpsichord-type instrument as well as probably a few synths. I like the vocals but the music is really over the top.

Rongwrong sound a little like old Talking Heads with their cut "No Answer". The squawked male vocals over repetitious new wave rock instrumentation aren't bad at all. To end side 1 they include tape loop madness and experimental noise called "Pistachio #1" by Raw Burnt Will and more loops by Eric Fitz.

Side 2 starts with another cut by the Polkaholics, the only group to have two cuts. The lyrics to this one, "Preparé La Maquina", are in the zine. One line to give you some idea is "I celebrate my nihilism". Another is "I have no use for the flowery by-products of logic". There are also some drug-related lyrics -- could these guys be Dada dopers? A pretty decent cut, especially the shouted title/chorus.

The next song is not my cup of tea. Safari BBQ do "Nairobi Subway" and it is a tribal drum thing with not a whole lot else going on.

Party's Over is the band that many of these groups descended from. They were on the first, URBAN SCORCH, tape. I don't know if the cut included here was recorded then or whether it was done by a re-aggregation. This is more typical synth-quirk stuff. It reminds me of Der Plan -- the vocals are spoken and shrilly shouted -- the minimal squnks and synth-farts are overlaid with a horn part -- or a synth part that sounds like a horn? The song is called "SBO 240" and it is pretty good.

Michael Phillip Wojewoda, a member of Potential Propaganda (who have a song on side 1) appears here with the song "Mauled". Before it kicks off a theme from the old "Jetsons" TV show is played. "Mauled" is some wierd tape stuff where a snippet of a song by the Police is heard. Musique Concrete indeed!

The last fully credited song is by Verl Moray. It's called "The Cannibal Song" and is more strangeness. Definitely experimental stuff. Very minimal and droning, but I like it. At the end of side two a theme-type ad for THE EXORCIST is heard and more experimental tape stuff.

This tape was fun to listen to, and some of the stuff was very worthwhile. Nothing on here fits neatly into any of the categories I've touted such as punk, neo-psychedelic, or gloom -- so let's just say that this is an experimental conglomeration. A lot of these groups share members. It is a nice accomplishment by all of them and well worth the few bucks it will cost you. The cost is even less when you consider the zine with all the great interviews and decent graphics.

HIDE deserves a gold star and three pats on the back for being the first to send a tape to FACTSHEET FIVE for review. Let's hope the rest of you pick up on this and do likewise. Naturally, if we get a bunch I won't be able to do such lengthy reviews of all of them. But that's not too likely -- so if you want to get some serious consideration for your music send it to Mike and he and I will give it the once, twice, many times over.

((Aeditor's Note: This is a last-minute, stop-the-presses addition to Shane's column that arrived as I was finishing up the issue. If any of you music producers want to send stuff directly to me, I'll make sure it gets to Shane. Tapes are best, and the very best thing would be to send two copies if you can afford it, but I can arrange to dub a second copy or to tape records if I have to. And remember, if you get into this while the getting is good, your work is going to be showcased out in front of all the others))

REQUESTS

Now that FF is becoming known as something of the Standard Reference in the small and strange press world, I get requests for information from lots of people who can't find it elsewhere. Sometimes I can't answer those requests, so I thought I'd pass on a few here, to wit:

Robert John Wallace wants to know about "any other compilation or access listing of small press publications."

Joe Schwind writes "Have you encountered a musiczine that covers international - ethnic - primitive - unselfconscious folky - natural sounds and sound effect recordings? The planet could use one. At least I could"

Jeffrey Zahle says "I'm particularly interested in poetry-prose magazines that publish works like 'Beatniks From Space'".

And finally, Ed Walker asks "Looking for something like (1) Adult-type comics sketches. (2) Old-fashioned girlie/pinup type (soft core by today's standards) artwork, calendars, etc."

These people didn't know I was going to throw their requests open to the audience so I'm not publishing their addresses. If you can help any of them, please drop me a postcard or letter with the info and I'll see that it gets to the right person. And if any of you want to request information from this column, I'll be happy to pass your requests on. Let me know if you want your address pubbed or would rather get your mail forwarded through me.

BOOKS

ELEMENT 79, by Fred Hoyle (Signet pb 1957): From the younger days of SF, these stories are curiously comforting and easy to read. Cute little story twists without the fashionable doom and gloom of today. (★★★★)

WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN, by Clifford D. Simak (Ace pb 1967): This, on the other hand, is a dystopia: A world that has disposed of pleasure and religion to save for future resurrection after freezing. A novel of the extremes to which the race might some day go. (★★★)

ONCE DEPARTED, by Mack Reynolds (Curtis pb 1957): An attempt at a modern Frankenstein story, set in postwar Spain and with overtones of the Nazi regime. Should have stuck to making trucks. (★)

THERE WILL BE TIME, by Poul Anderson (Signet pb 1973): A rollicking time-travel novel that concentrates on action instead of paradoxes. The interpolated "Withit's Collegiate Dictionary" should be required reading for slogan-addicted radicals. (★★★★★)

I AM LEGEND, by Richard Matheson (Bantam pb 1964): A vampire novel with a twist: everyone but the hero has been turned into a vampire. Powerfully chilling writing, a classic not to be missed. (★★★★★)

THE RAKEHELLS OF HEAVEN, by John Boyd (Bantam pb 1971): An attempt at a modern GULLIVER'S TRAVELS set in space. Fails miserably. (Ø)

IN THE ENCLOSURE, by Barry N. Malzberg (Avon pb 1973): Malzberg is widely hailed as one of today's best dead SF authors. I actually thought this was a moderately good attempt at getting inside an alien psyche that was only about 50% too long. (★★★)

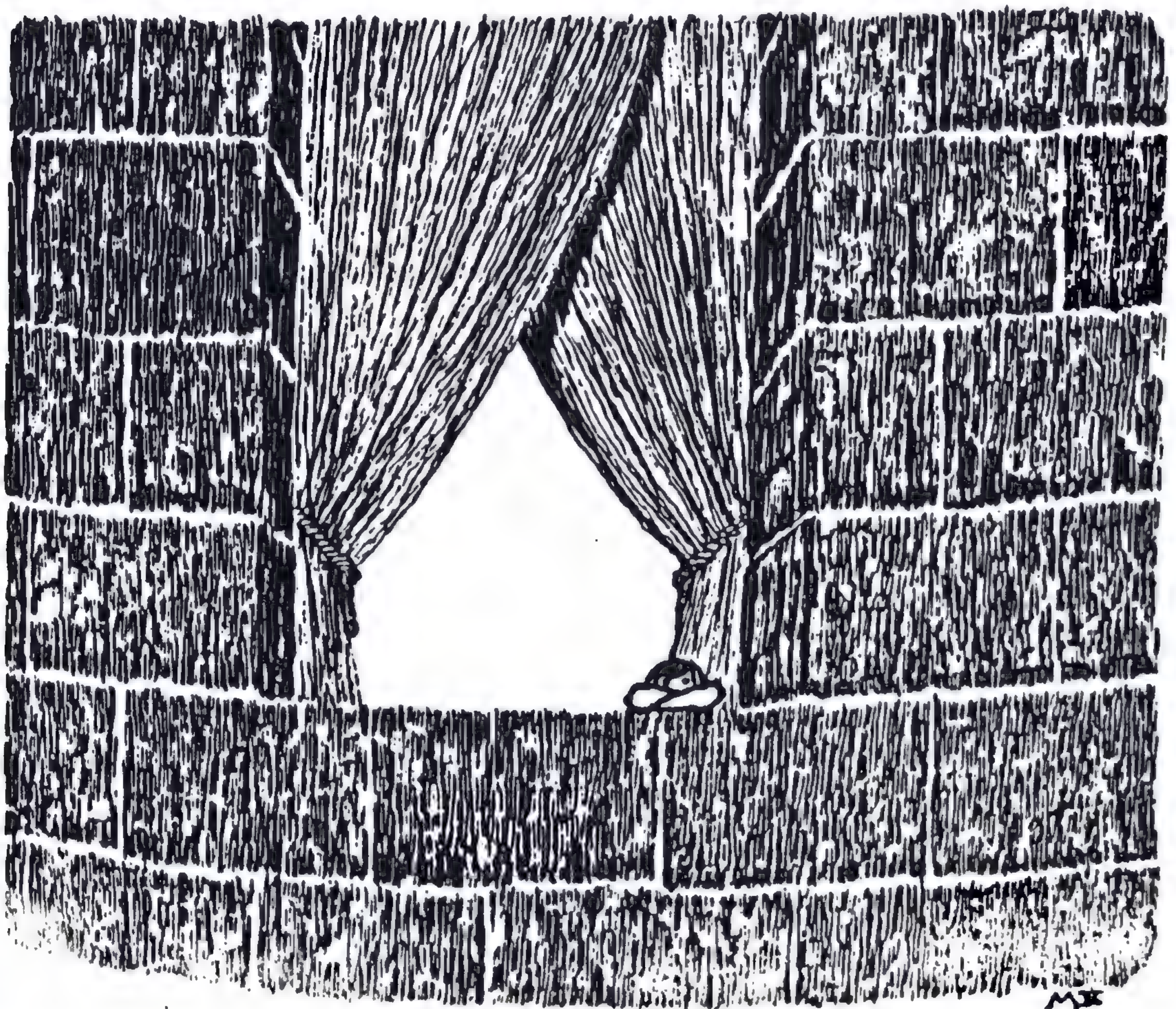
YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN, by David Gerrold (Dell pb 1972): Techno-SF about a future war cruiser bearing a striking resemblance to a surface Navy cruiser, it's mission spoiled by a last-page Deus Ex Machina. (★)

THE PRIMAL URGE, by Brian Aldiss (Ballantine pb 1961): Being set in contemporary Britain of the time, this one reads like an anthropological study of some primitive tribe. All about sex without managing to be at all explicit or even interesting. (★★)

THE UNITED STATES AND BRITAIN IN PROPHECY, by Herbert W. Armstrong (Worldwide Church of God pb 1980): Did you know that the British were the lost tribes of Israel? That the time of Tribulations is the Russkis versus us good guys? Well, it was free. (Ø)

THE ROBOTS OF DAWN, by Isaac Asimov (Ballantine pb 1983): Some of the old masters have still got it. Asimov isn't one of them. A mystery without clues for the reader. (★★)

THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE, by Norman Spinrad (Avon pb 1967): Amusing junk reading about an attempt to overthrow a whole planet. (★★★)



GREENER THEN YOU THINK, by Ward Moore (Ballantine pb 1947): The story of a strain of grass that chokes all life off from the planet. Full of humor until the unexpected (to me, anyhow) ending. (AAAA)

TIME'S LAST GIFT, by Philip José Farmer (Ballantine pb 1972): Ostensibly a time-travel story but really a novel of human interactions. Doesn't seem to have been carefully written or plotted. (AA)

AFTER THINGS FELL APART, by Ron Goulart (Ace pb 1970): Apocalyptic SF from the decade when it looked like society would have been destroyed within a few years. Amusing satire of trends that have vanished. (AAAA)

SUPERLUMINAL, by Vonda N. McIntyre (Pocket pb 1984): Post-techno SF that attempts to combine a human story with a machine one and almost succeeds. McIntyre's characters are strong but the plot is just there to hang the book on, not because the story is interesting. (AAA)

FIREFOX DOWN, by Craig Thomas (Bantam pb 1984): Sequel to the unbelievable thriller about stealing a Russian plane from Russia itself, this one is about pulling the same plane out of a frozen lake, drying it out and flying it away. In other words, more unbelievable. (AAAA)

THE DYING EARTH, by Jack Vance (Lancer pb 1950): The book that inspired the original D&D magic system, this one is still fresh long after the current crop of "adult fantasy" has withered on the vine. If you never liked fantasy, try this before giving up. (AAAAA)

BLOOD & ORCHIDS, by Norman Katkov (Signet pb 1984): The Navy tries to frame 4 Hawaiian native to prevent one of their own, but the brilliant young lawyer and honest old cop stop them. Trash. (Ø)

THE BILLION DOLLAR SURE THING, by Paul E. Erdman (Pocket Books pb 1974): Erdman knows lots about the banking business but not much about writing a thriller about financial manipulation. About as exciting as the business section of the morning paper. (AA)

THE GATES OF HEAVEN, by Paul Preuss (Bantam pb 1984): Interstellar travel is discovered by accident and the brave scientists go to try it out. Will they survive? Does anyone care? (A)

THE DOGS OF WAR, by Frederick Forsyth (Bantam pb 1979): A bunch of unscrupulous mercenaries overthrow a nasty government and show their hearts of gold afterwards. Who cares how schmaltzy it is, Forsyth has a great style -- this nonsense is nearly realistic. (AAAA)

THE PALACE OF LOVE, by Jack Vance (Berkeley pb 1967): One of the Star King series concerning the search of Kirth Gerson for the Demon Princes who killed his family. Relax and wallow in Vance's gift for creating cultures. (AAAA)

THE STAR KING, by Jack Vance (Berkeley pb 1964): The first Star King book, this one has a gripping plot and a wonderful background. The administrators of the future are somehow both alien and familiar. (AAAAA)

THE PLANET EXPLORER, by Murray Leinster (Avon pb 1967): Short stories with a strictly mechanical base, this is from the days when we figured a better mousetrap would conquer the universe. (AA)

THE LAST MASTER, by Gordon Dickson (Tor pb 1984): A future we could be heading for, with all the world controlled by the benevolent bureaucrats, but I don't think we'll have the secret weapon that saves the day here. It would have been too depressing otherwise, though. (AAA)

AUTONOMOUS TECHNOLOGY, by Langdon Winner (MIT Press hc 1977): Not pop-doomsaying but a careful look at the extent to which technology controls us rather than the other way around. Should be required reading for every new engineer. (AAAAA)

SLEEP, TWO, THREE, FOUR!, by John Neufeld (Avon pb 1971): The nameless President-who-acts-like-Nixon has taken over the country but his minions are so stupid that a group of 14-year-olds starts to overthrow them. Not even humor value. (½A)

PALIMPSESTS, by Carter Scholz and Glenn Harcourt (Ace pb 1984): A dense and wonderful novel. It starts in an archaeological dig and ends up on in one or one hundred readings. A joy to behold and the answer to those who say there is no good new SF. (AAAAA)

GROWING UP UNDERGROUND, by Jane Alpert (Wm. Morrow hc 1981): The autobiography of one of the radical fugitives of the 60's who gave up to the law. A revealing look at how poorly organized "the Movement" was. (AAAA)

WEAPONS AND HOPE, by Freeman Dyson (Harper & Row tpb 1984): A frank discussion of nuclear weapons from one who has actually worked on them and against them. A reasonable approach to peace by possible steps instead of through impossible dreams. (AAAAA)

JOB: A COMEDY OF JUSTICE, by Robert A. Heinlein (Del Rey hc 1984): Heinlein has done the parallel universe schtick before, but it combines with theological speculations here to be light and fun, if not exactly a classic. (AAAA)

TWILIGHT OF THE GODS, by Michael Baran (1984 hc, \$10.50 postpaid
from Exposition Press, PO Box 130063, Sunrise, FL 33313)

Let us consider the nature of scientific thought. A fact is noted that is not explained by the current state of human knowledge. This stimulates research into the area and perhaps further facts are turned up which appear to relate to the first one. They are thorns in the side of science until someone comes up with a new theory to explain them. Then the theory is used to predict new facts, and if it is correct it becomes a part of the accepted explanation of the world's working.

Science is then a search for patterns in the unorganized mass of data which the world presents to us. It is a uniquely cumulative human activity, with the accepted scientific explanations of today resting on the labors of hundreds of thousands of thinkers and experimenters dating back to antiquity.

But given a set of observations, it is possible to find more than one pattern that they fit into. A series of black and white squares might be viewed as an abstract pattern or a crossword puzzle. It depends on ones point of view. Michael Baran believes that he has found a point of view which puts many of the intractable facts of today into the pattern, and in addition manages to explain many things which modern science already thinks it understands.

It is an audacious claim, and one which puts him into direct conflict with the scientific establishment. The sweeping views he presents of his ideas have no place in contemporary physics, geology, anthropology or any other science. Many of his points can be attacked and demolished if one works from within the established framework of things.

I'll try to hit on the major points of Baran's theories here, but they are so broad and he digresses into so many areas that to even outline his thoughts would take pages. Briefly, then, he suggests that the lower strata of the earth are considerably more energetic than is accepted. This energy, he believes, leads to many hollows in the earth, lighted and heated and watered by this gravitonic energy. Man evolved in these caverns, and memories of them are what leads to stories of legendary places such as Eden and Midgard. Eventually the race moved on to the surface of the earth, and powerful civilizations, including those of Atlantis and Mu, arose. These civilizations supplied their energy needs by tapping into the deep-strata energy of the earth. But then something went wrong -- perhaps they miscalculated, or there was a war -- and the deep-earth energies got out of control. Mu and Atlantis sunk and man was thrown back into barbarity, out of which he is only now slowly climbing.

There are, to my mind, obvious problems with the details of this scenario. I remain unconvinced, for example, that there are any large habitable sub-surface regions. And much of Baran's work is based on etymological links between words that do not ring true to me, though I am hardly an expert in the area.

Another problem I have is with Baran's sources. These fields are in large part the products of an active modern mythology. Tales of Atlantis and Mu, of UFOs and Kirlian auras, multiply in the telling. A truly dedicated research project would have to attempt to weed out and evaluate the original sources from beneath the mess of verbiage that has been published. But this is clearly impossible for a single man to do. So many of Baran's references are secondary sources, people like Donnelly and Churchward and Berlitz, whose veracity is open to being questioned. This obstacle is simply something that the solitary researcher must live with. I do think, though, that taking the word of various "spirit guides" as evidence of the way life was in the past is stretching credibility too far.

But enough objections. Let us look instead at the broad outlines of the theory and view it as a sort of coarse pattern to re-order our knowledge of the world. Perhaps Baran, being but one man, has many of the finer details of the tapestry wrong while having its general outline right.

I think the potentially most important part of Baran's ideas is that we are not at the pinnacle of evolution but rather have slipped somewhat when compared to our ancestors (Baran goes so far as to assert that we are not descended from the fossil hominids we know about, but I don't think this is essential to his theory). If this is true, what then?

Well, it will explain some of the things ancient civilizations did, such as pyramids. It will explain the evidence for people in California 100,000 years ago. It might well solve parts of the puzzle that we know of. The test, and it is not one that has been done, is simply: can it predict new facts? Sadly, I don't think we will ever know.

NUDIST & NATURIST

Families - Naturally

7 October 1984

INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION

the Parent SIG

The Schuyten Family
Marc, Linda, Sean & Sara
(714) 371-2080
2483 Emerson Drive
Corona, California
91720 U.S.A.

Dear PEOPLE - NOW IS THE TIME to see WHO WILL HELP defend FAMILY NUDISM!

Linda & I started The PARENT SIG (SIG=Special Interest Group) more than 5 years ago, as a way to help promote & support Family Nudism. We started the magazine "Families-Naturally", the first magazine devoted to Nudist/Naturist Families.

On 7 September 1984, our home was ransacked by the police and Linda & I were arrested.

On 11 September, the police told the media (TV & newspapers) that they had all kinds of the most damning "evidence" against us. The police did this before we were to be arraigned (i.e. before criminal charges were to be filed against us in court).

Our court arraignment was set for September 24 (more than 2 weeks after our arrest).

On September 24th - NO CHARGES were filed against us!
Even today (October 7th) - NO CHARGES have been filed against us!

NO CHARGES have been filed against us in court because the police did NOT have the "evidence" they claimed to have!

The police claimed, for benefit of the TV cameras, that they had "a diary with explicit language dealing with the sexual exploitation of children" but the police could NOT produce it in court because NO such diary exists, because we have NEVER sexually exploited any child!

The police claimed that they had found "16mm sex films" but they could not produce them in court because all we ever had were some personal 8mm films!

The police claimed that they had found "12 boxes of pornography" but they could not produce them because those 12 boxes actually contained, in addition to other research material:

- 35 books from the shelves in our living room,
- ALL our issues of BARE IN MIND, CWS, ASA Bulletin, INF/FNI PB, Aust. SUN & HEALTH, NZ Naturist, BN, H&E, and a host of other nudist/naturist magazines and books, from all over the world,
- ALL our back issues of nudist magazines no longer in publication,
- tons of newsletters from nudist camps all over the world!

We will broadcast this most obscene OUTRAGE around the World!

WHO WILL HELP?



THE KIDDIE PORN HYSTERIA KILL FAMILY NUDISM/NATURISM!

by Marc Schuyten

I have been reseaching all manner of pornography & sexual perversion for some 15+ years. Conservative estimates indicate that 50+% of marriages suffer from sexual problems. The vast majority of people are sexually less than satisfied for one reason or another. Sexual unhappiness results, in large part, from the Nakedness Taboo.

On one hand: children are taught to suppress natural nakedness. On the other hand: society teaches them that the un-natural partial nakedness of exceptional females may be USED to sell everything from cars to cigars! This leads children down the road of utter conflict & confusion. So it is that fathers are rendered incapable of taking part in the birthing of their own children. So it is that people are rendered incapable of accepting the most natural and beneficial method of nursing babies (breast-feeding). So it is that society instills the most unrealistic & unaccepting attitudes in people with respect to the natural processes of elimination. So it is that we plant the seeds of sexual frustration in our own children!

We teach our sons to USE females as sex OBJECTS and we teach our daughters to accept being USED! The ultimate result of this learning is RAPE!

The suppression of natural nakedness and the USE of un-natural nakedness also leads to the ugliest kinds of pornography ever seen by Human Kind!

As a result of these, and other/similar, realizations: we started The PARENT SIG (SIG = Special Interest Group) some 5 years ago. We adopted nudism/naturism as the best way to teach children that their natural desire for nakedness is healthy, so that they could grow up with far more realistic/accepting and healthier attitudes towards the natural functions of the genitals (birthing, breastfeeding; elimination) and so that, as adults, they might be able to have far more realistic/accepting attitudes towards how people enjoy their genitals. The ultimate result of the Nakedness Taboo is that people are rendered AFRAID of sex. The Taboo only leads to: FEAR, Frustration & Grief!

In effort to promote the benefits of social family nakedness, we sold our home and invested everything we had to start the world's first magazine devoted to nudist/naturist families. "Families-Naturally" (F-N).

On 7 September 1984: they ransacked our Home, arrested Linda & I, and they took our children into "custody" for 5 days!!!!!!

The police went out of their way to assure me that the magazine F-N was NOT obscene and they took NO interest in the subscriber list.

They did take most of my research material & they displayed it to the media as though:
1). all of it was pornographic, and
2). as though we intended to distribute it!

While we abhor child abuse more than most (we did risk ALL WE OWNED to crusade against it!); police lies & abuse, media sensationalization & exploitation, and the public hysteria must be stopped! When the police accuse us of the very thing we have given our all to campaign against, it really has GONE TOO DAMN FAR!!!!!!

This utterly obscene TRAVESTY must be fought! And we will fight it like it has NEVER BEEN FOUGHT BEFORE!!!!!!

WE will fight them because we CAN!
WE are not the ones in the WRONG!
THEY WILL LOSE!

In their greed for promotion & gain, THEY made FATAL (the most obscene!) MISTAKES!

Our fight BEGAN with a 50 MILLION DOLLAR lawsuit against the police!

And that fact hit the headlines within a week of the arrest!

Problem is: we will not see the results of that lawsuit for SEVERAL YEARS.

If you want them to lose - you will join us! They can only win if enough of YOU do NOT help us. NOW is the time to strike BACK!

If you're convinced that family nudism can help YOUR children, as NOTHING ELSE CAN - you now have the best chance in the history of Human Kind, to FIGHT AND BEAT those who have been inflicting the Nakedness Taboo on countless generations!

In effort to help raise money for the HUGE legal fees, we will publish a Special Booklet that reproduces all the newspaper articles & EXPOSES THE POLICE Tactics & Distortions!

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YOU CAN reserve your copy NOW by sending \$10 NOW to us at:

The PARENT SIG
Marc Linda Sean Sara
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THE ONLY SOURCE OF POST-DELUGE SHAVERANIA

The MX as 'Wimp'

by Algernon A.M. Stella

On the conventional level, the construction of the MX entails rearing the earth for concrete silos that will store nuclear-armed intercontinental ballistic missiles in one or more of our Far Western states. According to our current President of the U.S., these missiles should be thought of as "peacekeepers." Whether reliable evidence could be adduced to support this assertion matters very little in the world-scheme of things, ships and sealing wax.

Rather than jump straightaway into justifying this opinion of the world-scheme, I would like to ask you, my reader, to reflect with me on the purpose of things such as knives, clubs, pistols, grenades and the like. No matter whether one rigorously demonstrates the pressing necessity and clear moral obligation for their use or maliciously and spuriously palliates wanton brutality, these items, as weapons, inflict injury. So far, we are discussing weapons that individuals use to injure other individuals. As regards the affairs of national governments, we should consider tanks, fighter-bombers, howitzers, submarines, etc. Again, we find that these items, as weapons, inflict injury. Some of us may argue that governments do not employ their weapons to injure people, but only to realize vital objectives. That may be true. However, whenever these weapons are used, somebody gets hurt. It is impossible to persuade a bomb to care for what glorious cause it mangles a child.

So far, we have looked over two categories of weapons: individual and governmental. Both categories are alike in their purpose to inflict injury. Of course, other attributes, such as purchase price, place a wide gulf between these two categories. Whenever one thinks of suicide with the aid of weapons, one thinks of knives, guns, rat poison or ropes. To get to the point more expeditiously, let me ask this question: when's the last time you've heard of anybody committing suicide with a howitzer? Now, let me make this assertion: The concept of deliberate suicide applies only to individuals; that governments would deliberately injure themselves is untenable.

Keeping this in the back of our minds, let us return to the MX (a/k/a Peacekeeper). According to the latest "most-probable" scenario, the U.S. government will launch these missiles purely and simply to realize vital objectives, necessitated by and in answer to intolerable provocation. For a moment, let us consider the aesthetics involved in the launching of these missiles and their eventual arrival at their destinations. The significance of aesthetics will be elucidated later. Supposedly, all the unpleasantness will be confined to the target sites; the gruesome scenery of shattered buildings and once-animate debris will be too remote to offend the sight. As concerns individual weapons, the same principle with regard to physical pain applies. When one transforms another's skull with a club, the transformer is oblivious to the sensations experienced by the transformee. At this point, we may infer that both individual and governmental weapons are alike in that their use excludes injury being visited upon those using these weapons to inflict harm.

What if it were different? Suppose both the transformer and the transformee experienced like sensations. Reflect on that for a moment, before we leap into this rather abstract scenario. Suppose a major global nuclear power expends its nuclear weaponry and does it in such a way that the "other side" is unable to hurl so much as a rock in retaliation. Scientists have proven, according to such reputable organizations as Physicians for Social Responsibility, that the explosions of these bombs will raise enough dust into the air to shut the earth off from sunlight. We are talking about a "nuclear winter." This winter, if it's brought about, will enroach upon the entire earth and be so severe as to freeze humanity into extinction. Inasmuch as the government of the U.S. is one such of the people, by the people and for the people, this government will cease to exist as the people participate in the extinction.

Does this mean that a government can indulge in suicide? Well, yes and no. At any rate, one must admit that nuclear weaponry plays havoc with those two neat categories of individual and governmental weapons. This havoc elevates the aesthetics into much greater significance. As the previously-mentioned major global nuclear power expends its weaponry, the other side meets death quickly in the blast,

whereas the people living under that power may have to linger behind in the nuclear winter brought on by their own government.

One side goes out with the bang; the other goes out with the whimper. Both, alike, go out.

Inasmuch as the situation compells both adversaries to die, it is incumbent upon them to choose the best way to die. I dare say very few of us fancy being executed. Even so, there is a world of difference between being executed by a firing-squad or by being pecked to death by a flock of homosexual chickens (where one would find such chickens is a matter beyond the scope of this essay). Granted, one would prefer being spared the choice. Still, if one had to make the choice, I think even those people who store lavender jumpsuits in their closets would prefer the firing-squad.

Clearly, the MX missile is such that its being sweeps aside the two previously-delineated weapons categories. It imposes upon its possessor the necessity of dying with the adversary in the event of its use. Stretching the imagination a little to encompass nuclear war, how would you, my good reader, prefer to die? Wouldn't it be better to die quickly in the blast and get it all over with? If one has to die in the nuclear winter, one risks whimpering. And, by no means are Americans meant to end their days whimpering and sniveling like wimps. Now you see why I characterize the MX as wimp.

Therefore, rather than deploy the complete MX missile, the U.S. government should deploy only the warheads in all major population concentrations. My good reader, do you remember my mentioning "intolerable provocation"? Well, in the event of such, our government detonates the bombs. We will die tastefully in the blast. And the other side, along with the rest of humanity, will die piteously in the nuclear winter.

Hey, think of the savings that can be had by adopting this "first-to-go" strategy! The military ships, planes and missiles meant to transport atomic warheads can be scrapped and sold to manufacture gravity boots, safety-pins and other nice civilian things. The personnel that support and maintain these ships, planes and missiles can be released into civilian life to manufacture, sell and consume those nice civilian things.

Charlie Brown, that's just the start of the savings! They can be truly enormous as the government cuts back on conventional weaponry. Again, dear reader, please let me jog memory. Did I not write something to the effect that it is untenable for a government to commit suicide? Well, I should think all the rest of the world feels the aptness of this statement. After the U.S. government has adopted the "first-to-go" strategy, the rest of the world will perceive it as a very clear sign of our government's resolve. And everybody knows that irresolution encourages troublemakers, whereas steadfast determination persuades them to tread the path of peace, reason and fairminded resolution of conflicts.

So far, I have advanced practical and aesthetic reasons for the "first-to-go" strategy. Let us now contemplate a philosophical reason.

Practically all humanity dispute with each other about why the Deity should or should not exist, whether the Deity is involved in earthly matters, etc. However, nobody denies that time exists. We see the seasons come and go, look at our watches and regulate our daily activities according to time. What if the world were swamped with watches that kept perfect time, and there were absolutely nobody around to tell time -- would time still exist? I would answer that, inasmuch as time depends upon being reckoned for its existence, time would no longer exist. In other words, if humanity should become extinct, time would be annihilated. If time has to be annihilated, should it not be annihilated in a manner as far removed from wimp as possible?

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AGAINST THE WALL



How I came to write this article is a long and involved story. Why I submitted it to AGAINST THE WALL can be discerned, in part, by a glance at the last page. Anyway, if you'd like to take time to read the article, I'd appreciate your comments.

Sincerely,

A.A.M. Stella

" . . . hints about
the demonic source
for the anxiety of
our age . . . "



CRYSTAL STAR got reviewed
this way in the last issue
of Factsheet Five:

CRYSTAL STAR (\$3 from Deinotation-7 Press, Box ²²⁴~~224~~, Susquehanna, PA 18847); This is a rather short play by struggling (I don't know if he's young or not) playwright Albert A.M. Stella. It takes place on two levels, in a house in modern-day East Germany and in a remembered forest in Nazi Germany, with some of the same characters in both levels. The foggy and dreamy quality of memory, 40 years later, is well captured. The plot concerns an ex-Nazi now fleeing from the Volkspolizei and an aging rabbi, who have met in the past and have unfinished business in the present. A musical tragedy, this is experimental drama that manages to put across some sort of message without being heavy-handed.

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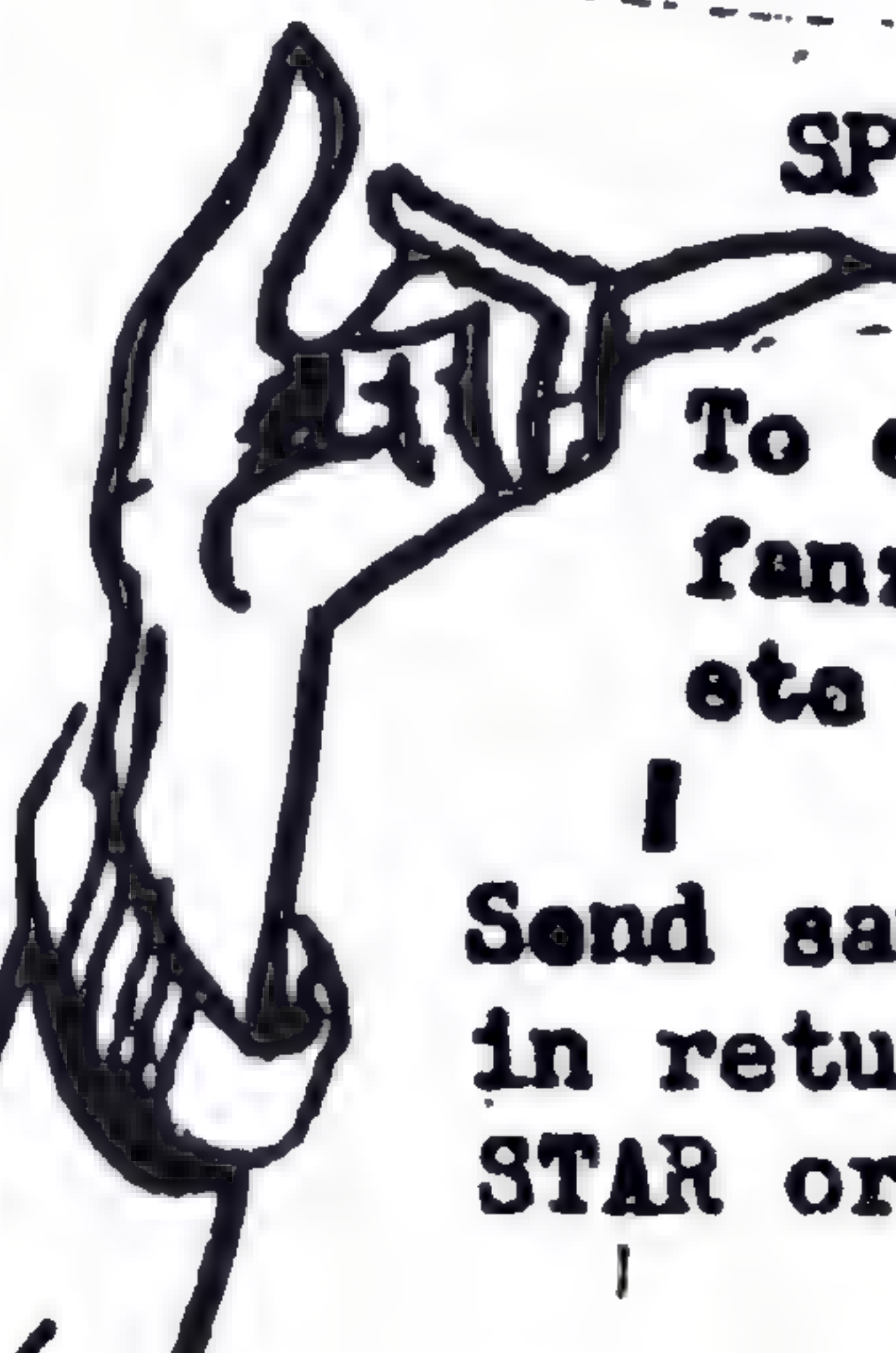
GIOVANNI centers on high school kids, their dreams and their futures and their realities. Why should anybody have to write stuff like 'MX AS WIMP' all the time?

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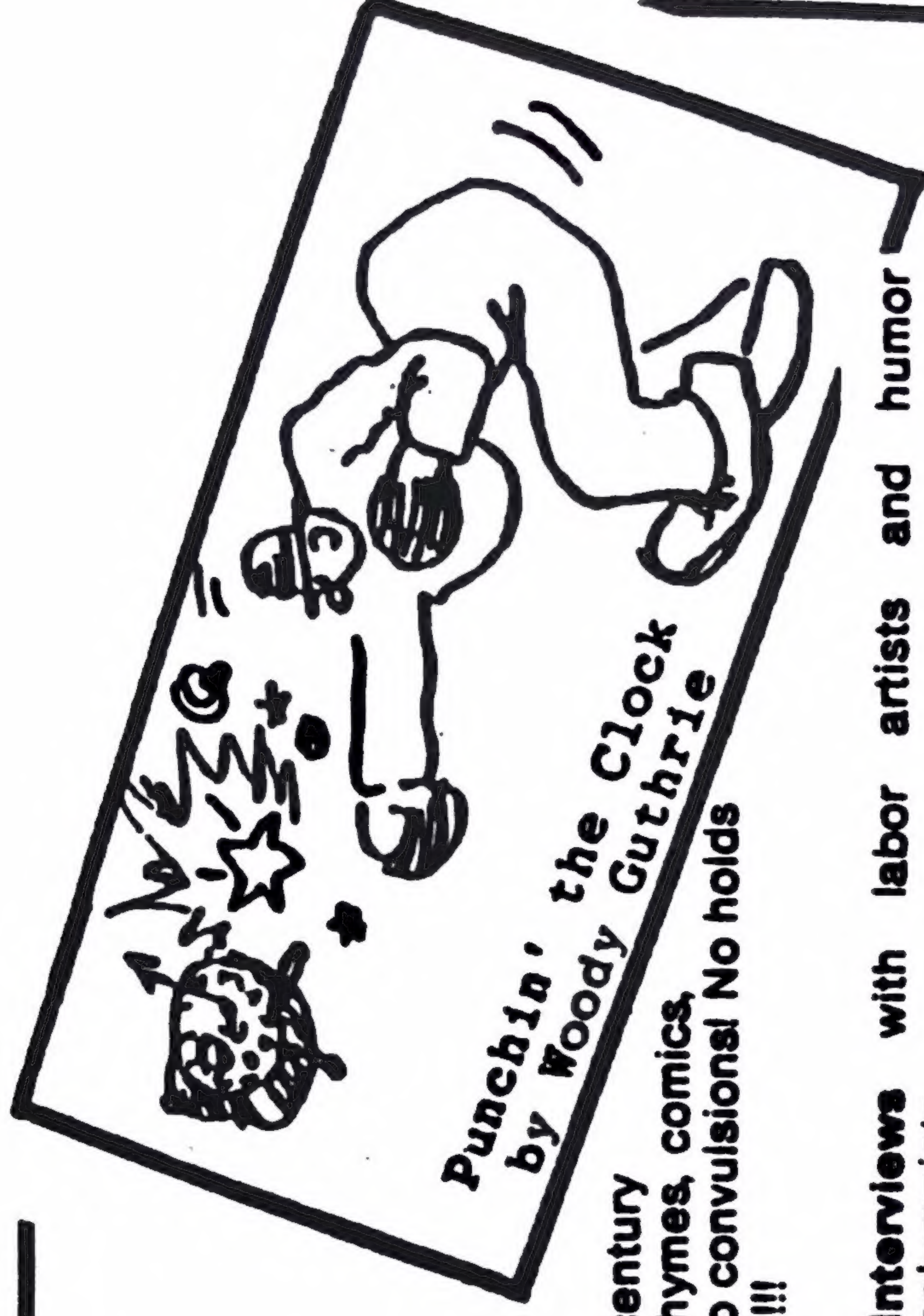
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